

Small inscription.
 THE PORTS of GREAT BRITAIN
Small inscription.
 CHADOCK & CHURCHILL.



BUTLER VOLUME III.
 SATIRES.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1. 1777.



THE *Gal II Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM
THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.
WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you must know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour.....HUD. AT COURT.
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

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FROM

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BRITISH



MUSEUM

Now you may know
With such perfection
And so perfect in his
That all that law his
But then the Words
And reading the poem in his house
The Reader is left to look
For his amusement in the Book;
Which will provide of course the Tale
This time and Death itself will tell.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARRISON

1877.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.
VOL. III.
CONTAINING HIS
GENUINE REMAINS.

Published from the
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
Formerly in the possession of
WILLIAM LONGUEVILLE, ESQ.

BY MR. THYER,
KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
AT MANCHESTER.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

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POETICAL WORKS

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SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

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BRITISH

ORIGINAL CRIPHS



MUSEUM

WILLIAM LONDONER, ESQ.

BY MR. THAYER,

KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

AT MANCHESTER.

EDINBURG:

AT THE GYLLIE HOUSE, BY THE MARTINS.

June 1877.

PREFACE.

It would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the World that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed Proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion.—That the Manuscripts, from which this Work is printed, are Butler's own handwriting, as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them.—That, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him.—That, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

"I do hereby certify, That the Papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

Walgherton, Cheshire,
Nov. 20. 1758.

JOHN CLARKE."

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this Work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments,

or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case; and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expence, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic; no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular, too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these remains; and shall rather chuse to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The Notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by rectifying and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions. *But in such a case, it is thought, it is better to say nothing at all.*

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say, and to persons of candor I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own. *But in such a case, it is thought, it is better to say nothing at all.*

In this edition of Butler's *Genuine Remains*, a few explanatory notes only are retained, such being necessary to bring the reader acquainted with several circumstances alluded to in the following Poems, but not generally known.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A LEARN'D society of late,
 The glory of a foreign state,
 Agreed, upon a Summer's night,
 To search the Moon by her own light;
 To take an invent'ry of all
 Her real estate, and personal;
 And make an accurate survey
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,
 As true as that of Ireland; where —
 The sly surveyors stole a shire:
 To observe her country, how 'twas planted,
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
 And make the proper'st observations
 For settling of new plantations,
 If the Society shou'd incline
 To attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
 For which they chose a time as fitting,
 When, at the full, her radiant light
 And influence too were at their height.
 And now the lofty tube, the scale,
 With which they heav'n itself assail,

This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuous taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Was mounted full against the Moon,
 And all stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should have the honour
 To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
 Was virtuoso then in chief,
 Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
 To solve impossibilities,
 Advancing gravely, to apply
 To th' optic glass his judging eye,
 Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforce'd his sight
 Against the Moon with all his might,
 And bent his penetrating brow,
 As if he meant to gaze her thro';
 When all the rest began t' admire,
 And, like a train, from him took fire,
 Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
 At what they did not understand,
 Cry'd out, impatient to know what
 The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
 Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
 Do live in cellars under ground,
 Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
 (In which at once they fortify
 Against the sun and th' enemy)
 Which they count towns and cities there,
 Because their people's civiler

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvants, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' engag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain;
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.

With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly' it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear;
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.

This great man, having fixt both fights
 To view the formidable fights,
 Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
 The battle's desperately fought;
 The gallant Subvolvani rally,
 And from their trenches make a fally,
 Upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans,
 Have every summer their campaigns,
 And muster, like the warlike sons
 Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
 As numerous as soland geese
 I' th' islands of the Orcades,
 Courageously to make a stand,
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the long'd-for winter's come,
 And then return in triumph home,
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
 And vap'ring of their victories.
 From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd
 To be, before the Moqn, deriv'd,
 And when her orb was new created,
 To people her were thence translated;
 For as th' Arcadians were reputed,
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could bring
 To civil life, but siddling,

They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.

While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Frivolous
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment in the Moon,
That understood her various fells,
And which produc'd best gener'moyle,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd.

Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal eye beheld;
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the sight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Shou'd cause the startled beast to imbost,
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.

And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans, in the field,
 It may an argument be held
 (Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of Greece)
 To prove what this illustrious person
 Has made so noble a discourse on,
 And amply satisfy'd us all
 Of th' Privolyanis' original,
 That Elephants are in the Moon,
 Tho' we had now discover'd none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
 And heaven, like a Tartar's hoard,
 With great and num'rous droves is stor'd:
 And if the Moon produce by Nature,
 A people of so vast a stature,
 'Tis consequent she shou'd bring forth
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,
 (As by the best accounts appears
 Of all our great'st discoverers)
 And that those monstrous creatures there
 Are not such rarities as here.
 Mean while the rest had had a sight
 Of all particulars o' th' sight,

And ev'ry man, with equal care,
 Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
 Proud of his int'rest in the glory
 Of so miraculous a story;
 When one, who for his excellence
 In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
 And magnifying all he writ
 With curious microscopic wit,
 Was magnify'd himself no less
 In home and foreign colleges,
 Began, transported with the twang
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:

Most excellent and virtuous Friends,
 This great discov'ry makes amends
 For all our unsuccessful pains,
 And lost expense of time and brains:
 For, by this sole phenomenon,
 We 'ave gotten ground upon the Moon;
 And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
 With all the planets that stand out;
 To carry this most virtuous war
 Home to the door of every star,
 And plant th' artillery of our tubes
 Against their proudest magnitudes;
 To stretch our victories beyond
 Th' extent of planetary ground;
 And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
 Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions,

(Which Archimede, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do)
 And prove if they are other fishes,
 As some have held opinions,
 Or windows in the empyreum,
 From whence those bright effluvia come
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces,
 Nor is this all we have atchiev'd;
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
 And have no more our best designs,
 Because they 're ours, believ'd all signs
 T'out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
 Prove arguments for coffeehouses;
 Nor those devices, that are laid
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Hereafter, gain belief among
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
 No more our making old dogs young
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
 Nor new-invented chariots draw
 The boys to course us without law;
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,

Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
 And hold too much wit, or too little;
 Nor shall our speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will save the leather
 Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,
 Make all we do appear as odd.
 This one discovery's enough
 To take all former scandals off—
 But since the world's incredulous
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,
 And with a prejudice prevents
 Our best and worst experiments,
 (As if they' were destin'd to miscarry,
 In consort try'd, or solitary)
 And since it is uncertain when
 Such wonders will occur agen,
 Let us as cautiously contrive
 To draw an exact Narrative
 Of what we every one can swear
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
 That, when we publish the Account,
 We all may take our baths upon't.
 This said, they all with one consent
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
 And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
 To print it in the next Transaction.
 But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,

One, peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the Elephant advance,
 And from the west side of the Moon
 To th' east was in a moment gone. 250
 This b'ing related, gave a stop
 To what the rest were drawing up;
 And every man, amaz'd, anew
 How it cou'd possibly be true,
 That any beast should run a race 255
 So monstrous, in so short a space,
 Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
 At least as possible as he cou'd,
 And rather his own eyes condemn,
 Than question what he 'ad seen with them. 260

While all were thus resolv'd, a man
 Of great renown there thus began—
 'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
 What cannot be, what can, and may?
 Especially' at so hugely vast 265
 A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
 Where the least error of the sight
 May show things false, but never right;
 Nor can we try them, so far off,
 By any sublunary proof; 270
 For who can say that Nature there
 Has the same laws she goes by here?
 Nor is it like she has infus'd,
 In every species there produc'd,

The same efforts she does confer 275
 Upon the same productions here,
 Since those with us, of several nations,
 Have such prodigious variations,
 And she affects so much to use
 Variety in all she does. 280
 Hence may b' inferr'd that, tho' I grant
 We've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
 That Elephant may differ so
 From those upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285
 As being of a different breed,
 That tho' our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be Elephants, no less
 Than those of Indian pedigrees. 290

This said, another of great worth,
 Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
 Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
 And learnedly observ'd by you;
 But there's another reason for't, 295
 That falls but very little short
 Of mathematic demonstration,
 Upon an accurate calculation,
 And that is—As the earth and moon
 Do both move contrary upon 300
 Their axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot be

But so prodigiously fast,
 That vaster spaces may be pass'd
 In less time than the beast has gone,
 Tho' he 'ad no motion of his own,
 Which we can take no measure of,
 As you have clear'd by learned proof.
 This granted, we may boldly thence
 Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
 And make this great phenomenon
 (Were there no other) serve alone
 To clear the grand hypothesis
 Of th' motion of the earth from this.
 With this they all were satisfy'd,
 As men are wont, of this bias'd side,
 Applauded the profound dispute,
 And grew more gay and resolute,
 By having overcome all doubt,
 Than if it never had fall'n out;
 And, to complete their Narrative,
 Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
 But while they were diverted all
 With wording the Memorial,
 The footboys, for diversion too,
 As having nothing else to do,
 Seeing the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosis for their pleasure,
 Began to gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on had done.

With monkeys' ingenuity,
 That love to practise what they see;
 When one, whose turn it was to peep,
 Saw something in the engine creep,
 And, viewing well, discover'd more
 Than all the learn'd had done before.
 Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
 Into the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so nigh,
 I have him just against mine eye.

This being overheard by one
 Who was not so far overgrown
 In any virtuous speculation,
 To judge with mere imagination,
 Immediately he made a guess
 At solving all appearances,
 A way far more significant
 Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
 And found, upon a second view,
 His own hypothesis most true;
 For he had scarce apply'd his eye
 To th' engine, but immediately
 He found a Mousé was gotten in
 The hollow tube, and, shut between
 The two glass windows in restraint,
 Was swell'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the virtuous occasion
 Of all this learned dissertation:

And, as a mountain heretofore
 Was great with child, they say, and bare 360
 A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
 Brought forth a mountain in exchange,
 Mean while the rest in consultation
 Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
 And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 369
 T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
 When this accurs'd phenomenon
 Confounded all they 'ad said or done;
 For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
 But they' all were in a tumult strait, 370
 More furiously engag'd by far,
 Than those that in the Moon made war,
 To find so admirable a hint,
 When they had all agreed t' have seen't,
 And were engag'd to make it out, 375
 Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
 When one, whose task was to determine,
 And solve th' appearances of vermin,
 Who 'ad made profound discoveries
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380
 (Tho' not so curious, 'tis true,
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew)
 After he had with signs made way
 For something great he had to say;
 This disquisition 383
 Is, half of it, in my disquisition;

For tho' the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Mouse, b'ing but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone; 390
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town;
That rants and swears, for all our great 395
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do. 400
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth w'llow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405
T' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shews herself in crowds;
A sullen little thing; below
All matters of pretence and show; 410
That deal in novelty, and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit,
And proper to its natural wit;

The world, that never sets esteem 415
 On what things are, but what they seem,
 And if they be not strange and new,
 They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.
 For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
 His little truth, but his undoing, 420
 Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
 And only for his good forbidden?
 And therefore with great prudence does
 The world still strive to keep it close;
 For if all secret truths were known, 425
 Who wou'd not be once more undone?
 For truth has always danger in't,
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
 We have already agreed upon,
 And vainly frustrate all we've done, 430
 Only to make new work for stubs,
 And all the academic clubs.
 How much, then, ought we have a care
 That no man know above his share,
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435
 More than his contribution's worth;
 That those who 'ave purchas'd of the college
 A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Shou'd not b' admitted to dispute, 440
 Nor any man pretend to know
 More than his dividend comes to:

For partners have been always known
 To cheat their public int'rest prone;
 And if we do not look to oors,
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
 The doctrine to be right and good,
 And, from the truth of what they'd heard,
 Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,
 But what was for their turn to vouch,
 And either find, or make it such:

That 'twas more noble to create
 Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
 Than with vexatious pains and doubt
 To find, or think t' have found, her out.

This b'ing resolv'd, they, and by one,
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon;
 But still the narrower they pry'd,
 The more they were unsatisfy'd,
 In no one thing they saw agreeing,
 As if they 'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing.

Some swore, upon a second view,
 That all they 'ad seen before was true,
 And that they never would recant
 One syllable of th' Elephant;

Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
 But a true Elephapt's proboscis.
 Others began to doubt and waver,
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,

And knew not whether to espouse
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.
 Some held no way so orthodox
 To try it, as the ballot-box,
 And, like the nation's patriots, 475
 To find, or make, the truth by votes :
 Others conceiv'd it much more fit
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,
 And, for their private satisfaction,
 To re-examine the Transaction, 480
 And after explicate the rest,
 As they should find cause for the best.
 To this, as th' only expedient,
 The whole assembly gave consent ;
 But ere the tube was half let down, 485
 It clear'd the first phenomenon :
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms
 Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all past muster, by mischance,
 Both for the Sub- and Privolvans. 490
 This b'ing discover'd, put them all
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
 Asham'd that men so grave and wise
 Shou'd be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495
 For mighty troops of men at arms ;
 As vain as those who, when the Moon
 Bright in a crystal river shone,

Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 500

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true, 510
That in their speculations chuse
To make discoveries strange news,
And nat'ral hist'ry a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-set;
Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

[Y. 509. 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may observe that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising which prevailed so much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many useful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in justice to the satirist, it must be confessed that these curious inquirers into Nature did sometimes, in their researches, run into a superstitious and unphilosophical credulity, which deserved very well to be laughed at.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE *.

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,
 Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
 To search the Moon at full by her own light;
 To take a perfect invent'ry of all
 Her real fortunes, or her personal,
 And make a geometrical survey
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire : 10
 T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
 And draw maps of her prop'rest situations
 For settling, and erecting new plantations,
 If ever the Society shou'd incline 15
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design :

* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure no apology is necessary.

" A task in vain, unless the German-Kepler
 " Had found out a discovery to people her,
 " And stock her country with inhabitants
 " Of military men and Elephants: 20
 " For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
 " Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
 " Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
 " Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25
 For which they chose a time and place most fitting,
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light
 And influence were at their greatest height.
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
 By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail, 30
 Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should bear away the honour
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
 At solving all impossibilities,
 With gravity advancing, to apply
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40
 Cry'd out, O strange! then reinforc'd his sight
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,

[P. 17.] This and the following verses, to the end of the
 paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are
 distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being
 printed in inverted commas.

And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her thro',
While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45
And like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they wou'd, but cou'd not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he, Th' old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify 55
Against the sunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because th' inhabitants are civiler
Than those rude country peasants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground, 60
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war.

And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain, 65
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near 70

As one of wondrous singular invention,
 And equal universal comprehension,
 " By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
 " For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
 " An universal canting idiom,
 " To understand the swinging pendulum,
 " And to communicate, in all designs,
 " With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines,"
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
 To th' end and centre of the engine close: 80
 For he had very lately undertook
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
 May by more admirable art be brought
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain 85
 As if their eyes had been put in again,
 This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight,
 T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought: 90
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
 And from their trenches vallantly sally,
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans 95
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,
 And muster, like the military sons
 Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,

As great and numerous as soland geese
 I' th' summer-islands of the Oræades, 100
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies, 105
 And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd;
 And, when her orb was first of all created,
 To be from thence, to people her, translated: 110
 For as those people had been long reputed,
 Of all the Peloponnesians the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world cou'd ever bring
 T' endure the civil life but fiddling,
 They ever since retain the antique course, 115
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,
 And always use to sing and fiddle to
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuoso entertains
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120
 "Another sophist, but of less renown,
 "Tho' longer observation of the Moon,"

ψ. 121, 122.] In the shorter verse it stands thus:

Another of as great renown,
 And solid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but small, it makes
 a considerable difference in the character.

That understood the diff'rence of her soils,
 And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,
 "But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension" 125
 "Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
 Who, after poring tedious and hard
 In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
 And thus began—A stranger sight appears
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres; 130
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
 A mighty Elephant from one of those
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
 And with the desp'rate horror of the fight 135
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
 Shou'd cause the startled creature to imboss.
 It is a large one, and appears more great
 Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet; 140
 From which we confidently may infer,
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.

ψ. 125, 126.] These two verses are inserted instead of the following in the other copy in short measure:

And in the register of Fame,
 Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out.

And first found out the building Paul's
 And paving London with sea-coals.

I transcribe them to gratify the curiosity of such as are desirous to investigate who the particular persons are that are designed by these characters.

And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field, 145
It may a valid argument be held,
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
'To vindicate what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on, 150
And giv'n us ample satisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Altho' our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain, and manifest, 155
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hoard,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd : 160
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable she shou'd bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears 165
Of all our crediblest discoverers,
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Mean while th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' sight, 170

And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,
When one, who for his fame and excellence 175
In heightning of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges, 180
Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.

Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185
And lost expenses of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out, 190
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond 195
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,

To prove if they are other suns or not,
 As some philosophers have wisely thought,
 Or only windows in the empyreum,
 Thro' which those bright effluvia use to come
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,
 Aurst never venture but to wish to know.
 Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,
 But greater things, henceforth to believ'd;
 And have no more our best or worst designs,
 Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs,
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuos
 Prove arguments again for coffeehouses;
 "Nor little storjes gain belief among
 "Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"
 Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
 The boys to course us in 'em without law;
 "Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
 "Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:

[V. 203, 204.] These two lines are here inserted in a different and better place than they were in the shorter verse, where they made a sort of parenthesis, and the two following lines are also omitted:

Like flames of fire, as others guess,
 That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

[V. 213.] In this latter part of the speech, Butler makes a considerable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering, which it would be both tedious and unnecessary minutely to point out, as the reader may so easily compare the two Poems.

" No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
 " With butter only harden'd in the sun; 220
 " Or men that use to whistle loud enough
 " To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
 " Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
 " To be believ'd as desperately loud."
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225
 An elder-stick will render all the leather
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
 Make all we undertake appear as odd.
 This one discovery will prove enough
 To take all past and future scandals off: 230
 But since the world is so incredulous
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
 And with a constant prejudice prevents
 Our best as well as worst experiments,
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235
 As well in concert try'd as solitary;
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when
 Such great discov'ries will occur agen,
 'Tis reas'nable we shou'd, at least, contrive
 To draw up as exact a Narrative 240
 Of that which every man of us can swear
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
 That when 'tis fit to publish the Account,
 We all may take our several oaths upon't.
 This said, the whole assembly gave consent 245
 To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,

And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
 To print and own it in their next Transactions:
 But while their ablest men were drawing up, 250
 The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,
 A member peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone. 255
 This b'ing related, gave a sudden stop
 To all their grandees had been drawing up,
 And every person was amaz'd a-new,
 How such a strange surprisal should be true;
 Or any beast perform so great a rape, 260
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
 Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
 Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,
 And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
 Than question what they had beheld with them, 265

While ev'ry one was thus resolv'd, a man
 Of great esteem and credit thus began.
 'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast 270
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd,
 Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right?
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof: 275

For who can justify that Nature there
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd
 Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,
 The same efforts she uses to confer 280
 Upon the very same productions here,
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
 And she affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does. 285
 From hence may be inferr'd that, tho' I grant
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
 That Elephant may chance to differ so
 From those with us upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed, 290
 As being of a different kind and breed,
 That tho' 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very Elephants, no less
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families. 295

This said, another member of great worth,
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
 " In which the mannerly and modest author
 " Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true, 300
 And very learnedly observ'd by you;
 But there's another nobler reason for't,
 That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short

Of solid mathematic demonstration;
 Upon a full and perfect calculation; 305
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
 Do constantly move contrary upon
 Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent, and naturally fast, 310
 That larger distances may well be past
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,
 Altho' he had no motion of his own,
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,
 As you have made it evident by proof. 315
 This granted, we may confidently hence
 Claim title to another inference,
 And make this wonderful phenomenon
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis, 320
 And prove the motion of the earth from this.

This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute, 325
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out,
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve.

But while their grandees were diverted all 330
 With nicely wording the Memorial,

The footboys, for their own diversion, too,
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosis, only for their pleasure,
 "With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity;
 "That take delight to practise all they see,"
 Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on before had done:
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep,
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
 Than all their masters hit upon before.
 Quoth he, O strange! a little thing is slunk
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh,
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

This chancing to be overheard by one
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
 In any philosophic observation,
 As to conclude with mere imagination,
 And yet he made immediately a guess
 At fully salving all appearances
 A plainer way, and more significant
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
 And quickly found, upon a second view,
 His own conjecture, probably, most true;
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
 To th' optic engine, but immediately

He found a small field-mouse was gotten in 360
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between
 The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation. 365
 And as a mighty mountain heretofore,
 Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Mean while the grandees, long in consultation, 370
 Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all they had writ,
 When this unfortunate phenomenon
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done: 375
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
 More hot and furiously engag'd by far,
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
 To find so rare and admirable a hint, 380
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen't,
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
 When one, whose only task was to determin
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin, 385
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,

(Tho' not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)
 After he had a while with signs made way;
 For something pertinent he had to say,
 At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
 Is, the one half of it, in my disquisition;
 For tho' 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
 Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,
 The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none
 Can claim a title to but I alone;
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
 In my own province, freely, with regard.

It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
 And made the table-talk of all the Town,
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great
 Designs and projects, we have done nothing yet,
 If every one have liberty to doubt,
 When some great secret's more than half made out,
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
 As no great action ever has been done,
 Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
 "For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
 "T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
 "A solitary anchorite, that dwells
 "Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,

Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
To entertain the world with what is fit 420
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world, that's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what they appear and seem;
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They're ne'er the better for their being true. 425
"For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
"Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
"A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
"That longs to eat forbidden fruit again, 429
"And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases
"Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden? 435
And therefore with as great discretion does
The world endeavour still to keep it close;
For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who wou'd not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't, 440
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,

" By giving footboys leave to interpose,
 " And disappoint whatever we propose;" 445
 For nothing but to cut out work for stubs,
 And all the busy academic clubs,
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
 " Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."
 How much, then, ought we have a special care 450
 That none presume to know above his share,
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
 More than his weekly contribution's worth,
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college
 A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge, 455
 And brought none in themselves, but spent repute,
 Shou'd never be admitted to dispute,
 Nor any member undertake to know
 More than his equal dividend comes to?
 For partners have perpetually been known 460
 T' impose upon their public int'rest prone;
 And if we have not greater care of ours,
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good, 465
 And from th' apparent truth of what they'd heard,
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
 But what was for their interests to vouch,
 And either find it out, or make it such:
 That 'twas more admirable to create 470
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,

Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.

This b'ing resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon; 475
But still the more and curionser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.

Some holdly swore, upon a second view, 480
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves they never would recant
One syllable they had seen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mause's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis. 485

Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour;

"Until they had as many cross resolves,
"As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"

And grew distracted, whether to espouse 490
The party of the Elephant or Mause.

Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,

And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes: 495

Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it,

And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the Transaction,

And afterward to explicate the rest, 500
As they shou'd see occasion for the best.

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon : 505
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Pri- and the Subvolvans.

This b'ing discover'd, once more put them all 510
Into a worse and desperater brawl,
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Shou'd be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms : 515
As politic as those who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,
Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass, 520
To find out where the sly impostor was,
And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

ψ. 521, 522.] Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note.

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long,
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
 To find themselves so openly convicted, 525
 Immediately made haste to get them gone,
 With none but this discovery alone,
 That learned men, who greedily pursue
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,
 And, in their nicest speculations, chuse 530
 To make their own discoveries strange news,
 And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette
 Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown, 535
 And strive to explicate appearances,
 Not as they 're probable, but as they please,
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
 Tho' he appears unequal match, I grant,
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty castle,
 When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his shout,
 The little vermin, like an errant knight,
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

A Poem, whose merits are too long
 To be express'd in a few lines.

THE ELEMENT IN THE MOON.
THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A FRAGMENT.*

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuosos seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And past them all for men of parts,
Tho' some but sceptics in their hearts;
For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?

* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

What wars and plagues in Christendom
 Have happen'd since, and what to come?
 What kings are dead, how many queens
 And princeſſes are poiſon'd ſince?
 And who ſhall next of all by turn
 Make courts wear black, and tradeſmen mourn?
 What parties next of foot, or horſe,
 Will rout, or routed be, of courſe?
 What German marches, and retreats,
 Will furniſh the next month's Gazettes?
 What peſtilent contagion next,
 And what part of the world infects?
 What dreadful meteor, and where,
 Shall in the heavens next appear?
 And when again ſhall lay embargo
 Upon the Admiral, the good ſhip Argo?
 Why currents turn in ſeas of ice
 Some thrice a day, and ſome but twice?
 And why the tides, at night and noon,
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
 What is the nat'ral cauſe why fiſh,
 That always drink, do never piſs?
 Or whether in their home, the deep,
 By night or day they ever ſleep?
 If graſs be green, or ſnow be white,
 But only as they take the light?
 Whether poſſeſſions of the devil,
 Or mere temptations do moſt evil?

What is't that makes all fountains still
 Within the earth to run up hill,
 But on the outside down again,
 As if th' attempt had been in vain?
 Or what's the strange magnetic cause
 The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws?
 The star the needle, which the stone
 Has only been but touch'd upon?
 Whether the North-star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence?
 (For red-hot iron, held t'wards the pole,
 Turns of itself to't when 'tis cool:)
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run,
 To draw no tail behind thro' th' air,
 As comets do, when they appear,
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow?
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities there?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground,
 Or loiter lazily behind,
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?

Or whether crescents in the wane,
 (For so an author has it plain)
 Do burn quite out, or wear away,
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day? 80
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
 Or if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon it will be there?

These were their learned speculations, 85
 And all their constant occupations,
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square;
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors shou'd b' undone; 90
 To find the north-west passage out,
 Altho' the farthest way about;
 If chymists from a rose's ashes
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
 Whether the line of incidence 95
 Rise from the object, or the sense?
 To stew th' elixir in a bath
 Of hope, credulity, and faith;
 To explicate, by subtle hints,
 The grain of diamonds and flints, 100
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the treble and the base;
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow
 A double diapason low.

REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

85 It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,
90 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the Park; 10
95 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms 15
100 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,

Repartees.] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

To which he always brought an equal flame;
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
 And as in dreams love's raptures are mere taking
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20
 His am'rous passion grew to that extream,
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
 Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
 Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?
 But now I had her in this very place, 25
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
 I know not how, nor whither, thou'rt escap'd:
 Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30
 And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known parken,
 Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
 Where many assignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame, 35
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,
 Impatient of delay, without one word,
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40
 C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
 Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?
 P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'ful charms,
 And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms,

C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt, 45
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spill.

P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart; and I but prick your skin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause. 50

C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?

Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.

P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55

C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.

P. Pain is the root of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.

C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain. 60

P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.

C. But grows intolerable if it last.

P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.

What knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65

That had not been half-murther'd by his flame?

O lady, that had never lain at stake,

To death, or force of rivals for his sake?

C. When love does meet with injury and pain,

Disdain's the only medicine for disdain. 70

P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,

In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy. 75

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate. 80
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lovers' fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.

P. What greater proof that passion does transport, 85
When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?

C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds: 90
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.

C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within, 95
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'rest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you. 100

P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
 All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
 C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
 P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
 C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice, 105
 T' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
 P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
 C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
 P. When you mistake that for an injury
 I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110
 C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give;
 But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
 But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
 That can be cruel where you own a flame.
 P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty 115
 Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
 For while you stife and inflame desire,
 You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.
 C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
 Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't; 120
 As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt fun and fun,
 Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE
EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.
Upon his incomparable Poem of the
BRITISH PRINCES*.

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd :
For as all warlike nations take delight 5
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height. 10
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well 15
As those themselves that made them could foretell :
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II.'s reign address'd this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler.

You have fulfill'd that prophesy alone,
 And in this poem plac'd him on his throne. 20
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
 Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove:
 For as eternity has neither past 25
 Nor future, (authors say) nor first nor last,
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head
 T' observe what time they liv'd in or were dead?
 For since you have such arbitrary power,
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your wit;
 As light can no way but by light appear,
 He must bring sense that understands it here.

A PALINODE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
 Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues;
 For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
 She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
 Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
 Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
 But such is her belief in your just candor,
 She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
 To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
 Of silly emulation or offence;
 No; your sufficient wit does still declare
 Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
 So vain and senseless a presumption own,
 To yoke your vast parts in comparison;
 And yet you might have thought upon a way 15
 To instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
 And not command our praises, and then blame
 All that's too great or little for your fame:
 For who could chuse but err, without some trick
 To take your elevation to a nick? 20

As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from b'ing unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendous discoveries
You 'ave lately made of wonders in the skies: 40
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum*?
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?

Or how 'tis possible the moon should shroud
 Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 30
 Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd;
 They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
 Who ever did a language so enrich,
 To scorn all little particles of speech?
 For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they're found 55
 To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound;
 Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
 Or for the sense's sake to wave the humble.
 Had Homer known this art, he had ne'er been fain
 To use so many particles in vain, 60
 That to no purpose serve, but (as he says
 To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
 You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
 Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
 And by this art do PHSICAN no wrong. 65
 When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
 These are your own discoveries, which none
 But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,
 That can, in sight of laws of art, or rules,
 Make things more intricate than all the schools: 70
 For what have laws of art to do with you,
 More than the laws with honest men and true?
 He that's a prince in poetry should strive
 To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
 And not submit to that which has no force 75
 But o'er delinquents and inferiors.

Your poems will endure to be well try'd
 I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;
 Can only to eternity pretend,
 For they were never writ to any end, 80
 All other books bear an uncertain rate,
 But those you write are always sold by weight;
 Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
 And valu'd to a scruple in the sale.
 For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit, 85
 'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,
 Has an absterfive virtue to make clean
 Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
 Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kits,
 Without your verse, can make a noble flight, 90
 It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it;
 For burning but one leaf of your's, they say,
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
 Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit, 95
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
 When ars'nick's only wrap'd up in the verse.
 These are the great performances that raise
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth.
 Whose wondrous pow'r's so generally known,
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

APANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS *

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, tho' on a less sick brain;
But you were so far from receiving hurt, 5
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phoenix turn: 10
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire;
And with so much advantage, some have guest,
Your after-wit is like to be your best,
And now expect far greater matters of ye 15
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy;

* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has wrote of Addison.

Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime;
 Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride,
 And native insolence, quite laid aside;
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront
 No China cupboard rudely overthrow'n,
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
 With verses forty times more lewd than his:
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
 And hold it out, where you had built a scone;
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scor'd;
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever us'd before or since.
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false account, with little tricks
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;
 False mustering of workmen by the day,
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay;
 For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,

As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
 For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,
 Built up themselves, they could not have done worse:
 And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
 You did design to do 't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began
 In which you were a wise and happy man:
 For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
 Who ever greater treasure could command, 55
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
 Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
 Or all those practis'd upon public money?
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
 For ever are you bound to curse those quacks 61
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
 For tho' no art can ever make them sound,
 The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.
 How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
 Yet been no more undone by being chous'd, 66
 Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play?
 For nothing but your brain was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70
 Yet you 'ave an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out at Beast or Glee;

And when you 'ave rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
 By understanding low, and vent'ring high;
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS *.

Who ever will regard poetic fury,
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
 And every pert and arbitrary fool
 Can all poetic licence over-rule;
 Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle 5
 The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
 Make 'em submit to verdict and report,
 And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
 Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
 Proceedings of a witless plagiary, 10
 That forges old records and ordinances
 Against the right and property of fancies,

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.—The cold, severe critic, may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

More false and nice than weighing of the weather
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus, 15
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;
 Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
 Of rev'rend choruses and episodes; 20
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
 According to the true and ancient way,
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
 Unless he have a licence for't in Greek;
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
 No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
 Unless it be in order to raise pity;
 Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30
 Unless some god or dæmon chance t' have piquet
 Against an ancient family of Greeks;
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in;
 For none but such for Tragedy are fitt'd, 35
 That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
 And only those held proper to deter,
 Who 'ave had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
 Between morality and venial vices, 40

Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate;
For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak, 45
And give diversion to the great to break;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a club-law to execute and kill, 55
For nothing, whomsoever they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age, 60
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As th' other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,
Who made a gen'ral council regulate 65
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And set down in the rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime,

Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out or came in. 70

An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong 75

To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales salker than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner; 80

When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And by th' advice of virtuous Tuscans, 85
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;

Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French flou Corneille; 90

And since our English plagiaries him,
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
And by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers 95
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,

Who for a few misprisions of wit;
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more than the best that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

Acted before the

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY*.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate,
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have, (beside our hearts) a play. 10

* It is pretty remarkable that, amongst such a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, should be the only ones in the complimenting strain; and I dare say every reader will observe, with a smile, how soon, even in this, he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical drollery upon the critics.

But as devoutest men can pay no more
 To deities than what they gave before,
 We bring you only what your great commands
 Did rescue for us from ingrossing hands,
 That would have taken out administration 15
 Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
 Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
 That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
 And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
 But that your justice put a stop to it. 20
 'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
 T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
 For still the wickeder some authors write,
 Others to write worse are encourag'd by't;
 And tho' those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25
 The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
 But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
 Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
 So they, decrying all of all that write,
 Think to erect a trade of judging by't. 30
 Small poetry, like other heresies,
 By being persecuted multiplies;
 But here they're like to fail of all pretence;
 For he that writ this play is dead long since,
 And not within their power; for bears are said 35
 To spare those that lie still and seem but dead.

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EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord; to you;
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart,
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outwar'd
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms,
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.
But as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON PHILIP NTE'S

THANKSGIVING BEARD.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses
upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no

The fringe and tassell of a countenance,
 That hides his person from another man's,
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
 Is never worn until his perfect growth;
 A privilege no other creature has,
 To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,
 That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
 To fit some other persons' characters,
 And by its own mythology implies,
 That men were born to live in some disguise.

This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
 His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
 He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
 Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
 When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,

thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard.—He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and afterwards in Magd. Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he writ several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

From whom he held the most pluralities
 Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries; 20
 Was held the chiefest of those sp'ritual trumpets,
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,
 But in the desperatest of defeats
 Had never blown as opportune retreats,
 Until the Synod order'd his departure 25
 To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
 To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,
 And pass or null things at his own disposing;
 Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
 And for their fees discharge and let them out, 30
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
 Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
 Whither the Members, two and two abreast,
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,
 But by the way repeated the oh-hones 35
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones;
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
 He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,
 With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,
 They could remember nothing of the rest. 40
 He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
 His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
 And, for the further service of the women,
 T' abate the rigidness of his opinion;
 And, but a day before, had been to find 45
 The ablest virtuoso of the kind,

With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
 On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
 By whose advice he fate for a design
 In little drawn, exactly to a line,
 That if the creature chance to have occasion
 To undergo a thorough reformation,
 It might be borne conveniently about,
 And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary
 He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,
 To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
 And set their most confus'd disorders right,
 Not by a new design, but newer light,
 Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
 And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
 To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,
 And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
 And scandalous device of human wit,
 That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
 To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us
 To agree what's lawful, or what scandalous,
 For 'till it is determin'd by our vote,
 'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;
 Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
 Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75
 'To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
 For tho' I use it in a lawful time,
 What if it after should be made a crime?
 'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
 'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense, 80
 Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
 And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do;
 Then do your office with your greatest skill,
 And let th' event befall us how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85
 To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
 Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,
 A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
 Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
 And reassume its antique character, 90
 Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
 And stand in competition with the life;
 For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
 Of fables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
 And set in such an artificial frame, 95
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,
 More subtly fill'd and polish'd than the gin
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate. 100

But b'ing design'd and drawn so regular,
 T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,

Who could imagine that it should be portal
 To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?
 And yet it was, and did abominate 105
 The least compliance in the Church or State,
 And from itself did equally dissent,
 As from religion and the government *.

* I find among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable, by way of note.

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,
 The fringe and tassel of a face,
 That gives it a becoming grace,
 But set in such a curious frame,
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
 And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
 No topiary hedge of quickset
 Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick set,
 That made beholders more admire,
 Than China-plate that's made of wire;
 But being wrought so regular
 In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
 Who would believe it shou'd be portal
 To unconforming-inward mortal?
 And yet it was, and did dissent
 No less from its own government,
 Than from the Church's, and detest
 That which it held forth and profest;
 Did equally abominate
 Conformity in Church and State;
 And, like an hypocritic brother,
 Profess'd one thing, and did another,
 As all things, where they're most profest,
 Are found to be regarded least.

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SATIRE

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Shou'd be a nursery for Heav'n,
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adult'rate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs
Are our own interest, not theirs;

* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner; and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

76 UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Our off'rings, when we come t'adore,
 But begging presents to get more;
 The purest bus'ness of our zeal
 Is but to err, by meaning well, 20
 And make that meaning do more harm
 Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;
 For the most wretched and perverse
 Does not believe himself he errs.
 Our holiest actions have been 25
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin;
 Religious houses made compounders
 For th' horrid actions of the founders;
 Steeples that totter'd in the air,
 By lechers sinn'd into repair; 30
 As if we had retain'd no sign
 Nor character of the divine
 And heav'nly part of human nature,
 But only the coarse earthy matter.
 Our universal inclination 35
 Tends to the worst of our creation,
 As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint
 In our whole species, by instinct,
 A fatal brand and signature
 Of nothing else but the impure. 40
 The best of all our actions tend
 To the preposterouslest end,
 And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
 To take most to the ignobler kind;

Or monsters, that have always least
 Of th' human parent, not the beast.
 Hence 'tis we 'ave no regard at all
 Of our best half original;
 But, when they differ, still assert
 The int'rest of th' ignobler part;
 Spend all the time we have upon
 The vain caprices of the one,
 But grudge to spare one hour, to know
 What to the better part we owe.
 As in all compound substances,
 The greater still devours the less;
 So, being born and bred up near
 Our earthy gross relations here,
 Far from the ancient nobler place
 Of all our high paternal race,
 We now degenerate, and grow
 As barbarous, and mean, and low,
 As modern Grecians are, and worse,
 To their brave nobler ancestors.
 Yet as no barb'rousness beside
 Is half so barbarous as pride,
 Nor any prouder insolence
 Than that which has the least pretence,
 We are so wretched to profess
 A glory in our wretchedness;
 To vapour sillily, and rant
 Of our own misery and want,

And grow vain-glorious on a secret;
 We ought much rather to deplore,
 Who, the first moment of our lives;
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
 And our great'st grace is not to know
 When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,
 Begotten with a vain caprice,
 And live as vainly to that pitch. 80

Our pains are real things, and all
 Our pleasures but fantastical;
 Diseases of their own accord,
 But cures come difficult and hard.
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
 Are but outhouses to our tombs;
 Cities, tho' e'er so great and brave,
 But mere warehouses to the grave.
 Our brav'ry's but a vain disguise,
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes, 90
 The remedy of a defect,
 With which our nakedness is deckt;
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
 As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils 95
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse
 On their own hated kind much worse,
 As if by Nature they 'ad been serv'd
 More gently than their fate deserv'd, 100

Take pains (in justice) to invent,
 And study their own punishment;
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,
 So might their own infliction be too.
 Hence bloody wars at first began,
 The artificial plague of man,
 That from his own invention rise,
 To scourge his own iniquities;
 That if the heaven should chance to spare
 Supplies of constant pollution air,
 They might not, with unfile delay,
 For lingering destruction stay,
 Nor seek recruits of death so far,
 But plague themselves with blood and war.

And if these fail, there is no good
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd;
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt;
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
 With lux'ry and excess, as fast
 As war and desolation waste;
 Promote mortality, and kill
 As fast as arms, by sitting still;
 Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,
 And only moving, overthrow;
 Make law and equity as dear
 As plunder and free-quarter were;

80 UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as fast as those in war; 130
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none.
Like those that with their credit drive 135
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and state
For being of the meanest rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
Before integrity and parts; 140
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jests of greater dangers far, 145
Than those they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 'ave laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court, 150
And make Fanatics, in despight
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshewn,
As other monsters oft have done,
Altho' from truth and sense as far, 155
As all their other maggots are:

For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches,
And those too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it.
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short.

But all these plagues are nothing near
Those, far more cruel and severe.

Y. 168.] Though this Satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inserted, I chuse rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd to deep,
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic power to sway
The greedy souls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fill'd
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they had sought
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction or his use;
A standard both to him and hell,
All things from heaven down to hell.

Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflict himself upon his mind:
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins;
 Torments himself, in vain, to know 175
 That most which he can never do;
 And the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
 The more he is unsatisfy'd;
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt; 180
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
 And starts, as horses do at posts,
 And, when his eyes assist him least,
 Discerns such subtle objects best.
 On hypothetic dreams and visions 185
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays;
 Grows positive and confident,
 In things so far beyond th' extent 190
 Of human sense, he does not know
 Whether they be at all or no,
 And doubts as much in things that are
 As plainly evident and clear;
 Disdains all useful sense, and plain, 195
 T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
 And cracks his brains in plodding on
 That which is never to be known;

To pose himself with subtleties,
 And hold no other knowledge wise; 200
 Altho' the subtler all things are,
 They're but to nothing the more near;
 And the less weight they can sustain,
 The more he still lays on in vain,
 And hangs his soul upon as nice 205
 And subtle curiosities,
 As one of that vast multitude
 That on a needle's point have stood;
 Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
 Upon as nice and subtle scales, 210
 As those that turn upon a plane
 With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
 And still the subtler they move,
 The sooner false and useless prove.
 So man, that thinks to force and strain, 215
 Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
 In vain torments it on the rack,
 And, for improving, sets it back;
 Is ignorant of his own extent,
 And that to which his aims are bent; 220
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
 Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
 For as abortions cost more pain
 Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
 And weak productions of man's wit, 225
 That aim at purposes unfit,

82 UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflict himself upon his mind:
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins;
 Torments himself, in vain, to know
 That most which he can never do;
 And the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
 The more he is unsatisfy'd;
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt;
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 And, for improving, sets it back;
 Is ignorant of his own extent,
 And that to which his aims are bent; 220
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
 Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
 For as abortions cost more pain
 Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
 And weak productions of man's wit, 225
 That aim at purposes unfit,

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we 'ave liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice us'd,
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd;
Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the less concern'd;
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needful) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen;
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levell'd at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humourously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly block-
 head) head of many a Kingdom and State;
 The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
 Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
 As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use, 20
 And on the other side at once put in
 As impotent iniquity and sin.
 As sculls that have been crack'd are often found
 Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;
 And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit, 25
 To break at th' other still that's opposit;
 So men, who one extravagance would shun,
 Into the contrary extreme have run;
 And all the difference is, that as the first
 Provokes the other freak to prove the worst, 30
 So, in return, that strives to render less
 The last delusion, with its own excess,
 And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
 With bungling t' help out one another's play.
 For those who heretofore sought private holes, 35
 Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
 Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
 And sink away in masquerade to hell
 Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
 For all mankind to gaze their worst upon, 40
 As eagles try their young against his rays,
 To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or base;

Volume III. H

Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've aim'd,
 With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
 And by their own examples, in the view 45
 Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too;
 On all occasions fought to be as civil
 As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,
 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50
 But with their constant practice done their best
 T' improve and propagate his interest:
 For men have now made vice so great an art,
 The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
 And the debauched'st actions they can do, 55
 Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
 For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
 But what they lewdly affect and glory in,
 As if prepost'rously they would profess
 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness, 60
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,
 Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,
 But never for their complement and shews;
 That if there ever were a mystery 65
 Of moral secular iniquity,
 And that the churches may not lose their due
 By being inroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
 For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice, 70

Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
 To do in any mischief but the brave,
 As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;
 Have as precise and strict punctilios 75
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
 And steer the world by disagreeing force
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course:
 So pow'rful 's ill example to inroach,
 And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch, 80
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
 By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be sav'd and studies to be damn'd;
 That reconciles all contrarieties, 85
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
 Imposes on divinity, and sets
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
 Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
 And passes one for th' other in disguise; 90
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
 As if the laws of Nature had been made 95
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast;

And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise. 100

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon?
And yet how expressive and significant,
In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant?
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asserv'ration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;
When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out that abus'd his prose?

What trivial punishments did then protest 115
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could be inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To th' censure of the public, more or less,

The same will be return'd to them again,
 In shame or reputation, to a grain;
 And how perverse soe'er the world appears,
 'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears; 130
 And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
 For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore,
 To fright their heroes with a syren whore?
 Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms; 135
 Could sink their men of war as easy' as storms,
 And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
 Into land porpusses, and cod, and ling;
 To terrify those mighty champions,
 As we do children now with Bloodybones; 140
 Until the subtlest of their conjurers
 Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
 And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
 The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
 And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145
 The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
 To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
 Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
 For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150
 When one of our heroic advent'ers now
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage
 Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age,

Teach virtue more fantastick ways and nicc, 133
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
 A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
 Beyond our worst insinuations upon sins; 160
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
 And keep men honest than all our furies;
 Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries;
 Who were converted then with an old saying, 165
 Better than all our preaching now, and praying,
 What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
 Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
 And all the plain and sober things we say,
 By raillery are put beside their play? 170
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And what they're ignorant of disdain to know;
 Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
 And boldly judge before they understand;
 The self-same courses equally advance 175
 In sp'ritual and carnal ignorance,
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense;
 For as they outgrew ordinances then,
 So would they now morality again. 180
 Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent, Sin,

And therefore seldom have been known to part,
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer
 A short way to it, without pains or care
 For as implicit faith is far more stiff
 Than that which understands its own belief,
 So those that think, and do but think they know,
 Are far more obstinate than those that do,
 And more averse than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought,
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
 And grow too positive to understand;
 Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,
 As if their gifts had gotten a manum,
 A bill of store to take up a degree,
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,
 And look as big for what they bought at Court,
 As if they 'ad done their exercises for't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble Fortune more,
 When she has been too kind before;
 Or tempt her to take back again
 What she had thrown away in vain,
 By idly vent'ring her good graces
 To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;

Or settling it in trust to uses
 Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuses;
 To put it to the chance, and try,
 I' th' ballot of a box and dye, 10
 Whether his money be his own,
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
 As if he were betray'd, and set
 By his own stars to every cheat,
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate 15
 To throw dice for his own estate;
 As mutineers, by fatal doom,
 Do for their lives upon a drum?
 For what less influence can produce
 So great a monster as a chouse, 20
 Or any two-legg'd thing possess
 With such a brutish fottishness?
 Unless those tutelary stars,
 Intrusted by astrologers
 To have the charge of man, combin'd 25
 To use him in the self-same kind;
 As those that help'd them to the trust,
 Are wont to deal with others just.
 For to become so sadly dull
 And stupid, as to fine for gull, 30
 (Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
 That whosoe'er can draw it in
 Is sure inevitably t' win,

And, with a croud'd half-witted fate,
 To grow more dully desperate,
 The more 'tis made a common prey,
 And cheated foppishly at play,
 Is their condition, Fate betrays
 To Folly first, and then destroys
 For what but miracles can serve
 So great a madness to preserve,
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels
 (Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
 And fights with money-bags as bold,
 As men with sand-bags did of old;
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
 Into a paltry juggler's box;
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
 Engages blind and senseless hap
 'Gainst high, and low, and sur, and knap,
 (As Tartars with a man of straw
 Encounter lions hand to paw)
 With those that never venture more
 Than they had safely' insur'd before;
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
 But strive to ruin and destroy
 Those that mistake it for fair play;
 That have their fulhams at command,
 Brought up to do their feats at hand;

That understand their calls and knocks,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box;
 Can tell the oddses of all games,
 And when to answer to their names;
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,
 Like imps are ready every where;
 When to play foul, and when run fair
 (Out of design) upon the square,
 And let the greedy cully win,
 Only to draw him further in;
 While those with which he idly plays
 Have no regard to what he says,
 Altho' he jernie and blaspheme,
 When they miscarry, heav'n and them,
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
 And crucify his Saviour worse
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
 When they were raffling for his coat;
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
 And rightly understood and fear'd,
 And wou'd take heed another time,
 How to commit so bold a crime;
 When the poor bones are innocent
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,
 And have as little sense, almost
 As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
 As if he had rely'd upon
 Their judgment rather than his own;

And that it were their fault, not his,
 That manag'd them himself amiss,
 And gave them ill instructions how
 To run, as he wou'd have them do,
 And then condemns them fillily
 For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE,

TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit, whose rich and easy vein,
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
 And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand,
 In all Wit's combats master of defence,
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
 'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
 I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
 To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black.
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,

Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
 If he had met with any to have bought her. 20
 When I would praise an author, the untoward
 Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—
 he fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
 The contrary (spight of my heart) comes out. 25
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
 But having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
 To be reveng'd for't, ere I am aware. 30
 Spight of myself I strait take fire agen,
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
 And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.
 But if my Muse or I were so discreet 35
 T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
 I might, like others, easily command
 Words without study, ready and at hand.
 In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
 Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;— 40
 And gold and rubies, with as little care,
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair,
 And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearls, and stones,
 Make 'em serve all complexions at once.

y. 22. *Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—* This
 blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author
 evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not
 my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

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With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45
 I could make verses without art or wit,
 And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
 With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
 But in the choice of words my scrup'lous wit
 Is fearful to pass one that is unfit; 50
 Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
 At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
 And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
 When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
 May he be damn'd who first found out that curse, 55
 T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
 To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit.
 Without this plague I freely might have spent
 My happy days with leisure and content; 60
 Had nothing in the world to do or think,
 Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
 Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
 Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
 My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope, 65
 Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
 T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
 Or for preferment following the Court.
 How happy had I been if, for a curse,
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse? 70
 But ever since this peremptory vein,
 With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,

And that the devil tempted me, in spite
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
 I envy their condition that write bad.
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill; 80
 For tho' thy works are written in despite
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and flight,
 They never have been known to stand in need
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
 For so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
 A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
 Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive
 To such a height of glory to arrive;
 But still with all they do unsatisfy'd : 95
 Ne'er please themselves, tho' all the world beside :
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
 Wish for their own sakes they had never writ.
 Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme; 100

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And if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

Who won'd not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
Or steer his passage thro' those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkeys are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dress th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, tho' worse;

y. 1.] The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign, partly owing to the conversation and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

100 RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs, 20
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes :
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids ;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25
And sometimes narrow' as Punchinellos :
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd ;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide : 30
Wear peruques, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years ;
That, when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng ;
And as some pupils have been known, 35
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught :
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices ; 40
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes ;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45
To prove their running of the reins ;

And, lest they shou'd seem destitute
 Of any minge that 's in repute,
 And be behind hand with the mode
 Will swear to crySTALLIN and nude;
 And, that they may not lose their right,
 Make it appear how they came by't:
 Disdain the country, where th' were born,
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,
 And that which brought them forth containing,
 As it deserves for bearing them;
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,
 But nothing here, tho' e'er so good
 Be natives where(e'er they come,
 And only foreigners at home;
 To which th' appear so far estrang'd,
 As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd
 By witches—not born here, but hid;
 Or by outlandish fathers were
 Begotten on their mothers here,
 And therefore justly slight that nation
 Where they 'ave so mongrel a relation;
 And seek out other climates, where
 They may degen'rate less than here;
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
 Bosne on the wind's wings and their own,
 Forake the countries where they're hatch'd,
 And seek out others to be catch'd;

So they more nat'rally may please 73
 And humour their own geniuses;
 Apply to all things which they see
 With their own fancies best agree;
 No matter how ridiculous,
 'Tis all one, if it be in use; 80
 For nothing can be bad or good,
 But as 'tis in or out of mode;
 And as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise or refuse it;
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand, 85
 As they give out the word o' command;
 To learn the dullest of their whims,
 And how to wear their very limbs;
 To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art; 90
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
 And politicly shake the head,
 Until the ignorant (that guess
 At all things by th' appearances)
 To see how Art and Nature strive, 95
 Believe them really alive,
 And that they're very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs;
 When truly all their fates have been
 As well perform'd by motion-men, 100
 And the worst drolls of Punchinello
 Were much th' ingenious fellows;

For when they're perfect in their lesson,
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
 And, all their labour lost, they're fain 105
 To learn new, and begin again;
 To talk eternally and loud,
 And altogether in a crowd,
 No matter what; for in the noise
 No man minds what another says: 110
 T' assume a confidence beyond
 Mankind, for solid and profound,
 And still the less and less they know,
 The greater dose of that allow:
 Decry all things; for to be wise 115
 Is not to know, but to despise;
 And deep judicious confidence
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,
 And can pretend a title to
 Far greater things than they can do: 120
 T' adorn their English with French scraps,
 And give their very language claps;
 To jernie rightly, and renounce
 I' th' pure and most approv'd of tones,
 And, while they idly think t' enrich, 125
 Adulterate their native speech:
 For tho' to smatter ends of Greek
 Or Latin be the rhetorique
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
 To smatter French is meritorious; 130

And to forget their mother-tongue;
 Or purposely to speak it wrong;
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
 And that they' improve and benefit;
 As those that have been taught amiss
 In liberal arts and sciences,
 Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
 Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
 To man in kindness to present,
 And gave him kindly, to caress
 And cherish his frail happiness,
 Of equal virtue to renew
 His weary'd mind and body too,
 Shou'd (like the cyder-trees in Eden,
 Which only grew to be forbidden)
 No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
 But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;
 And that which she for good design'd,
 Becomes the ruin of mankind;
 That for a little vain excess
 Runs out of all its happiness,
 And makes the friend of Truth and Love
 Their greatest adversary prove;

'T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
 So truly' essential to his good,
 To countervail his pensive cares,
 And slavish drudg'ry of affairs;
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
 And, more than all these, confidence;
 To pass his times of recreation
 In choice and noble conversation,
 Catch truth and reason unawares,
 As men do health in wholesome airs;
 (While fools their conversants possess
 As unawares with sottishness)
 To gain access a private way
 To man's best sense, by its own key,
 Which painful judgers strive in vain
 By any other course t' obtain;
 To pull off all disguise, and view
 Things as they 're natural and true;
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
 For wise and honest in the crowd;
 With innocent and virtuous sport
 Make short days long, and long nights short,
 And mirth, the only antidote
 Against diseases ere they 're got;
 To save health harmless from th' access
 Both of the med'cine and disease;
 Or make it help itself, secure
 Against the desperat' st fit the cure.

All these sublime prerogatives
 Of happiness to human lives,
 He vainly throws away, and flings
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
 When nothing can decide, but swords
 And pots, the right or wrong of words,
 Like princes' titles; and he's outed
 The justice of his cause that's routed.
 No sooner has a charge been sounded
 With—*Son of a whore, and Dam'd confusion!*
 And the bold signal giv'n, the fir,
 But instantly the bottles fly,
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,
 And cannon-ball a pewter-pot
 That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
 Is now remanded back again,
 Tho' sprung from wine of the same piece,
 And near a-kin, within degrees,
 Gives to commit assassinations
 On its own natural relations;
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
 That from their friends so lately parted,
 No sooner several ways are gone,
 But by themselves are set upon,
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,
 And put to th' sword by one another
 So much more fierce are civil wars,
 Than those between mere foreigners.

And man himself, with wine possest,
 More savage than the wildest beast:
 For serpents, when they meet to water,
 Lay by their poison and their nature;
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare
 And distant rivers' banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link,
 And from their mixture of strange seeds
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds;
 To whom the fiercer unicorn
 Begins a large health with his horn;
 As cuckolds put their antidotes,
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
 Is far more savage and untam'd;
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barb'rousness and insolence;
 Believes himself, the less he's able,
 The more heroic and formidable;
 Lays by his reason in his howls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls,
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again;
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes
 The end of his life as vigorous

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90

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100

Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine;
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;

But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts, 11
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony' has been 15
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust.
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.

For men are now grown wise, and understand 25
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And if they 'ave issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse; 30
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.

For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,
When those that stand for them lay down the rate 35
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?

The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two;

Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did, 40
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men
Return'd 'em to their husbands back agen. 50
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacency,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon't: 60
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse:
For horns (like horny callouses) are found 65
To grow on sculls that have receiv'd a wound,

Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those
 That are invulnerable and free from blows.
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
 When they were held the worthiest of men, 70
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,
 That planted colonies in Rome itself?
 When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot?
 For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75
 One citizen was honour'd with a wreath,
 He that more gallantly got three or four,
 In reason must deserve a great deal more.
 Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
 That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome, 80
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way
 The best to save their empire from decay,
 Why should not these that borrow all the worth
 They have from them not take this lesson forth,
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money, 85
 By prudent managing of matrimony?
 For if 'tis hon'rabl by all confest,
 Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,
 And these times great, when private men are come
 Up to the height and politic of Rome. 90
 All by-blows were not only free-born then,
 But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
 Had equal right and privilege with these
 That claim by title right of the four seas.

For being in marriage born, it matters not 95
 After what liturgy they were begot;
 And if there be a difference, they have
 Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
 By b'ing engender'd with more life and force
 Than those begotten the dull way of course. 100

The Chinese place all piety and zeal
 In serving with their wives the commonweal;
 Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
 Upon their women's supererogation;
 With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
 Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind; 106
 And those that can produce the most gallants,
 Are held the preciouslest of all their saints;
 Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
 Their exercise of devotion on; 110
 That serve them for certificates, to show
 With what vast numbers they have had to do:
 Before they 're marry'd make a conscience
 T' omit no duty of incontinence;
 And she that has been oft'nest prostituted, 115
 Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
 But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
 To root this orthodox religion out,
 They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
 Rather than change the ancient purity 120
 Of that religion which their ancestors,
 And they had prosper'd in so many years;

Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
 And die their daughters martyrs and their wives,
 Before they would commit so great a sin 125
 Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES *

WHY shou'd the world be so averse
 To plagiary privateers,
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,
 And make free prize of what they please?
 As if, because they huff and swell, 5
 Like pilf'ers, full of what they steal,
 Others might equal pow'r assume,
 To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
 For breaking into others' grounds; 10
 Mark 'em with characters and brands,
 Like other forgers of men's hands,

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why shou'd the world be so severe

To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And in effigy hang and draw
 'The poor delinquents by club-law,
 When no indictment justly lies, 15
 But where the theft will bear a price.

For tho' wit never can be learn'd,
 It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
 And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
 By b'ing transplanted and remov'd; 20
 And as it bears no certain rate,
 Nor pays one penny to the state,
 With which it turns no more t' account
 Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,
 Is neither moveable, nor rent, 25
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail;
 Nor settled upon the heirs-male;
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,
 Did never fall t' a second hand; 30
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
 Than sunshine or the air inclos'd,
 Or to propriety confin'd,
 Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.

For why shou'd that which Nature meant 35
 To owe its being to its vent,
 That has no value of its own,
 But as it is divulg'd and known,
 Is perishable and destroy'd,
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40

Be scant'd of that lib'ral use,
Which all mankind is free to chuse,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread;
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, tho' supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.

The world 's as full of curious wit
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why shou'd he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And tho' they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;

So he that's able to impose
 A wit-excise on verse or prose, 70
 And still the abler authors are,
 Can make them pay the greater share,
 Is prince of poets of his time,
 And they his vassals that supply' him;
 Can judge more justly' of what he takes 75
 Than any of the best he makes,
 And more impartially conceive
 What's fit to chuse, and what to leave.
 For men reflect more strictly' upon
 The sense of others than their own; 80
 And wit, that 's made of wit and slight,
 Is richer than the plain downright:
 As salt that 's made of salt 's more fine,
 Than when it first came from the brine;
 And spirits of a nobler nature 85
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
 Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
 From dung to have extracted gold,
 (As many a lout and silly clown
 By his instructions since has done) 90
 And grew more lofty by that means,
 Than by his livery-outs and beans,
 When from his carts and country farms
 He rose a mighty man at arms,
 To whom th' Heroics ever since 95
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,

And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ, 100
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,
And understood as much of things, 105
As the ablest blackbird what it sings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why shou'd those who pick and chuse
The best of all the best compose, 110
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who with less art and pains 115
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-spun business fit
As freely with their mother wit,
Since what by Nature was deny'd
By art and industry's supply'd, 120
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;

While all th' endowments she confers, 143
 Are not so much our own as her's,
 That, like good fortune, unawares
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
 And all we can pretend to merit
 We do not purchase, but inherit. 130

Thus all the great'st inventions, when
 They first were found out, were so mean,
 That th' authors of them are unknown,
 As little things they scorn'd to own;
 Until by men of nobler thought 135
 Th' were to their full perfection brought:
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
 Leaves Art to polish and review,
 And that a wit at second hand 140
 Has greatest int'rest and command;
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
 Invention's humorous and nice,
 And never at command appli'd;
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit, 145
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit;
 (Like prophecy, that can presage
 Successes of the latest age,
 Yet is not able to tell when
 It next shall prophecy agen) 150
 Makes all her suitors court and wait
 Like a proud minister of state,

And, when she's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure, 155
Until she chance to be at leisure;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting-sports, of those that write; 160
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unvers'd,
And open'd with a stock as poor 165
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,
And at the best could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit, 170
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet after long and sturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit, 175
As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd,
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be prefer'd. 180

For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So whosoe'er can take up most, 185
May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS.

Upon the Imperfection and abuse of

HUMAN LEARNING*.

PART I.

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's, enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The History of Learning*.—To the same purpose is the following passage, cited from *The Poetical Register*, vol. II. p. 21.—“ In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr. Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville, (among which is one, entitled *The History of Learning*, written after the manner of *Hudibras*) and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine.”

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary for me to inform the public—that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, but that he only finished the first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which I shall subjoin.

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Volum

Assume the legal right to disengage
 From all it had contracted under age,
 And not its ingenuity and wit
 To all it was imbu'd with first submit;
 Take true or false for better or for worse,
 To have or t' hold indiff'rently of course.

For Custom, tho' but usher of the school
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
 Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
 That by two different instincts is led,
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,
 And trains him up with rudiments more false
 Than Nature does her stupid animals;

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of human learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity.—The second, as far as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of human learning, in characterising the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work *A History of Learning*; or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of Learning is so lame,

That few can tell from whence at first it came.

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unnecessary.—However, for this reason, I did not think fit to place it amongst his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
 Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,
 That is not found to understand and know
 So subtly as the body's found to grow. 20

Tho' children without study, pains, or thought,
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
 Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
 And apprehend before they are aware,
 Yet as all strangers never leave the tones
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
 So most men's reason never can outgrow
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
 But renders words they first began to con,
 The end of all that's after to be known, 30
 And sets the help of education back,
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial' st fools
 Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools,
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35
 Run them behind hand with their education,
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
 Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain 40
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
 To make confounded languages restore
 A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before :

And therefore those imported from the East, 45
 Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best, of
 Altho' convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks, and
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-books;
 Are really but pains and labour lost, 50
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50
 Unless, like rarities, as they have been brought
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought, 55
 When those who had no other but their own, 55
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone; 55
 As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55
 And take their aim much better than with two 55
 For the more languages a man can speak, 55
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak; 55
 And, for the industry he has spent upon't, 55
 Must full as much some other way discount. 60
 The Hebrew, Chaldean, and the Syriac, 60
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back, 60
 And turns their wits, that strive to understand it,
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed;
 Yet he that is but able to express 65
 No sense at all in several languages, 65
 Will pass for learned, than he that's known 65
 To speak the strongest reason in his own 65
 These are the modern arts of education, 65
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip, 70
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship; 70

Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
 To bear the penalties of others' sins.
 When letters, at the first, were meant for play, 75
 And only us'd to pass the time away,
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
 To express a school and playhouse but the same,
 And in their languages, so long ago,
 To study or be idle was all one; 80
 For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
 In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
 And waking, little less extravagances,
 The rest and recreation of tir'd thought, 85
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
 Of which, whoever does not freely take
 His constant share, is never broad awake,
 And when he wants an equal competence
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind;
 The greatest inclinations with the least
 Capacities are fatally possess'd,
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
 Without an equal competence of brains; 96
 While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
 Are most averse to industry and study,
 And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise, 100

But when those great conveniencies meet,
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
 The one but strives the other to divert,
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
 And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing,
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
 Who, tho' the understanding of mankind
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound,
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond,
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot;
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause
 That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
 When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
 Where she denies admission, to intrude;
 And all their industry is but to err,
 Unless they have free quarantine from her;
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
 And ever since that miserable fate
 Learning did never cost an easier rate;
 For tho' the most divine and sov'reign good
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,

Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130
 And therefore never bore so high a value
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
 Had academics, schools, and colleges,
 Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
 With pomp and shew was introduc'd with maces, 135
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
 Impower'd with statute, privilege and mandate,
 'T' assume an art, and after understand it;
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,
 With all the learning to it custom-free; 140
 And own professions which they never took
 So much delight in as to read one book:
 Like princes, had prerogative to give
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
 And having but a little paltry wit 145
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
 But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
 As better is a spiteful foe to good,
 And now has nothing left for its support,
 But what the darkest times provided for't. 150
 Man has a natural desire to know,
 But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other shew:
 As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
 Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
 So all his study is not to extend 155
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;

'T' appear and pass for learned, tho' his claim
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name :
 For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
 Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160
 As a French library by the whole is,
 So much an ell for quarto's and for folios;
 To which they are but indexes themselves,
 And understand no further than the shelves;
 But smatter with their titles and editions, 165
 And place them in their Classical partitions;
 When all a student knows of what he reads
 Is not in's own, but under general heads
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
 But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
 Where all he can make of it, at the best,
 Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest;
 And whether he will ever get it out
 Into his own possession is a doubt :
 Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175
 But reads no further than the title-pages,
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients. 180
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
 And compliment the rabble in the street,
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,

And by so mean contemptible a bribe
 Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe;
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
 And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
 That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING

SATIRE.

MEN's talents grow more bold and confident,
 The further they're beyond their just extent,
 As smatt'ers prove more arrogant and pert,
 The less they truly understand an art;

These *Fragments* were fairly wrote out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended scheme; and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that some parts of it ought to have been illustrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by some readers of great delicacy, a sort of intrusion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional observations of my own.

And, where they 'ave least capacity to doubt,
 Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout;
 While those that know the mathematic lines
 Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
 And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
 It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
 Enjoy an absoluter free command
 O'er all they have a right to understand,
 Than those that falsely venture to encroach
 Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
 And still the more they strive to understand,
 Like great estates, run furthest behind hand;
 Will undertake the universe to fathom,
 From infinite down to a single atom;
 Without a geometric instrument,
 To take their own capacity's extent;
 Can tell as easy how the world was made,
 As if they had been brought up to the trade,
 And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
 Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
 When all their wits to understand the world
 Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
 Or give a rational account why fish,
 That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
 By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,

That were not much inferior to the freaks
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects
 The first and best philosopher of Athens
 Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
 And had no other way to shew his wit,
 But when his wife was in her scolding fit,
 Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
 And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
 Next him, his scholar striving to excel
 All poets his poetic commonweal,
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.
 The Stagyrte, unable to expound
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd;
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
 Did but himself for idiot convince,
 Tho' reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,
 That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass
 The great philosopher and juggler was,
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
 And was himself the victim and the priest.
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;
 Yet with his lanthorn went, by day, to find
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;

An idle freak he needed not have done,
 If he had known himself to be but one.
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
 The learned of all ages celebrate
 Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
 To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
 A fitter mistress could not pick and chuse,
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
 For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,
 They did but what they said before disown;
 And, like Polemicks of the Post, pronounce
 The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;

Were often set by officers i' th' stocks,
 For quarrelling about a paradox;
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cockquean stools,
 For falling foul on oyster-women's schools,
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
 But to their gossips of their own opinions.
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to foal
 A pair of shoes of any other school;
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
 Of academics, to maintain the truth.
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
 And Epicureans were the most heroic,
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
 To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute
 In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
 Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
 Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd
 To regulate the errors of the mind,

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By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
 Have made the comment harder than the text,
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,
 And with impertinent evasions force
 The clearest reason from its native course—
 That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
 Whether they are, or never were in nature;
 And venture to demonstrate, when they have slur'd,
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
 With blunted foyles) engage with blunted sense;
 And as they're wont to falsify a blow,
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,
 Or, if they venture further to attack,
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
 Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,
 The noblest science of defence and art
 In practice now with all that controvert,
 And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
 Gave one another desperate attacks,
 To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;

So disputants advance, and post their arms,
 To storm the works of one another's terms;
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
 So some polemics use to draw their swords
 Against the language only and the words;
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
 Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
 The author of false Latin to convince;
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,
 By those that understood them to be try'd;
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
 More capital than to behead a king,
 For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
 Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
 That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
 And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate
 The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
 Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,
 Like those that are less artificial;
 And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
 Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
 And by their over-understanding lose
 Its active faculty with too much use;

For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—

It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind :
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it possess'd
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a tit'lar princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim;
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope but these that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force,

M ij

And pass for sense t' all purposes as good,
 As if it had at first been understood:
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
 'The mysteries of science to impart;
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits,
 Of endless controversies and disputes;
 For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,
 And the most curious critics or the learned
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
 For as it is the garniture and dress
 That all things wear in books and languages,
 (And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
 According to the habits that they wear)
 'Tis probable to be the truest test
 Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
 The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
 And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
 Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
 Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
 To learn the art of patrons, in defence
 Of int'rest and their clients' eloquence;

When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
 With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
 To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
 Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule;
 And those who mighty nations overcame,
 Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
 To draw the lines and features of the mind;
 The characters and artificial draughts,
 T' express the inward images of thoughts;
 And artists say a picture may be good,
 Altho' the moral be not understood;
 Whence some infer they may admire a style,
 Tho' all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
 Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
 With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang
 Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;
 Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
 Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
 Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
 To pass the one for th' other in disguise;
 And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
 Only to serve for noise and nothing else,
 Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
 And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear;
 For if the language will but bear the test,
 No matter what becomes of all the rest:

The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's, as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher,
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftilly, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:

For whether 'tis their want of conversation
 Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,
 Their sedentary life and melancholy,
 The everlasting nursery of folly;
 Their poring upon black and white too subtly
 Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motly;
 Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
 Too many things, has made them fit for none;
 Their constant overstraining of the mind
 Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;
 Or rude confusions of the things they read
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
 Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
 And changes, in the insides of their skulls;
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
 But never bring the world and books together,
 And therefore never rightly judge of either;
 Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
 And by th' immoderate excess of study
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
 A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen,
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
 That never grows from natural defects
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,

But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
Had read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosis,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crackt his scull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddly;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that nat'rally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;

And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
 When lighting on a philosophic spell,
 Of which he never knew one syllable,
 Presto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
 As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL
NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE *.

I.

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,
 But if it lay the least pretence
 To piety and godliness,
 Or tender-hearted conscience, 5
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
 Does sacred instantly commence,
 And all that dare but question it, are strait
 Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
 As malefactors, that escape and fly 10
 Into a sanctuary for defence,
 Must not be brought to justice thence,
 Altho' their crimes be ne'er so great and high,

* This and the two following compositions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this measure, which some readers may, perhaps, think too grave and solemn for the subject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It must, however, be allowed, that he falls no ways short of his usual depth and reach of thought, keenness of satire, and acuteness of expression.

And he that dares presume to do't,
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
 To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
 For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
 To his immunities and free affairs,
 Or meddle saucily with theirs
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way. 20

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
 Did their own handyworks adore,
 And made their stone and timber deities,
 Their temples and their altars, of one piece, 25
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,
 Contrives new light and revelation,
 The creatures of th' imagination, 30
 To worship and fall down before,
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw
 As monstrous images and rude,
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
 Or madman in a vision saw; 35
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,
 And vain delusions of his mind,
 For sp'ritual gifts and offerings
 Which Heav'n, to present him, brings;
 And still the further 'tis from sense, 40

Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,

And as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;

Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations,

Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,

But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors:

For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues

He owes to Heav'n to the devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;

Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,

And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present

For painful holding-forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins
But on dark days his slimy gins;

Nor does our engineer much care to plant
 His spiritual machines
 Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,
 That in their zeal are most extravagant;
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
 And still the muddier he finds their brains, 75
 The more he's sought and follow'd after,
 And greater ministrations gains;
 For talking idly is admir'd,
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
 And still the flatter and more dull 80
 His gifts appear, is held more pow'rful;
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
 And dullest nonsense has been found,
 By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound. 85

V.

A great Apostle once was said
 With too much learning to be mad;
 But our great Saint becomes distract,
 And only with too little crackt;
 Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90
 And will endure no reason but his own;
 For 'tis a drudgery and task
 Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
 To answer all men can object or ask;

But to be found impregnable, 93
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,
 Is braver than to argue and confute:
 As he that can draw blood, they say,
 From witches, takes their magic pow'r away, 100
 So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
 For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
 And shameful as to be asham'd,
 He never can be attack'd, 105
 But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
 Among the weak and prepossess'd,
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

VI.
 It is the nature of late zeal,
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
 But where there's something to be gain'd;
 And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies
 The law, with all its penalties,
 And is convic'd no pale 115
 O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
 So he has found are all restraints
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;
 For the same thing enriches that confines; 120

146 UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baser metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a pension to be advocate 125
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state
For gall'd and tender consciences;
Commits himself to prison to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call, 130
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics, 135
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
Disdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home, 145
A slave and villain to become,
To serve its interests abroad :

And tho' no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
 At tithing mint and cummin,
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat 150
 In things of deep and solid weight;
 Pretends to charity and holiness,
 But is implacable to peace,
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
 And tho' the zeal of God's house ate a prince 155
 And prophet up (he says) long since,
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit; 160
 Summons his Maker to appear
 And answer what he shall prefer;
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,
 Not to petition, but declare;
 Exhibits cross complaints 165
 Against him for the breach of Covenants,
 And all the charters of the Saints;
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
 Upon high terms and bold demands;
 Excepts against him and his laws, 170
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;
 And grows more saucy and severe
 Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,

'That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear, 175
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX. *He is pious and charitable*

But when his painful gifts he employs
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,
 The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
 The groans with which he piously destroys, 185
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
 And take in heav'n by violence;
 To fright the Saints into salvation,
 Or scare the devil from temptation; 190
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means:
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195
 He still conforms to them, and has a care
 'T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X. *He is pious and charitable*

'The ancient churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increast;

But he has found out a new way, 200
 To do it with the blood of those
 That dare his church's growth oppose,
 Or her imperious canons disobey,
 And strives to carry on the Work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205
 With holy rage, and edifying war,
 More safe and pow'ful ways by far:
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions,
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
 And his successor was a Presbyter, 215
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
 And leave his body for a time; 220
 So when some horrid action's to be done,
 Our Turkish profelyte puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own;
 And when his over-heated brain
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225

He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230
 And where he differs most concurs;
 Both equally exact and just
 In perjury and breach of trust;
 So like in all things, that one Brother
 Is but a counterpart of th' other; 235
 And both unanimously damn
 And hate (like two that play one game)
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
 Their churches by the self-same ways; 240
 With war and ruin to assert
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
 To preach the gospel with a drum,
 And for convincing overcome:
 And tho' in worshipping of God all blood 245
 Was by his own laws disallow'd,
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
 And both to propagate the breed
 Of their own Saints one way proceed;
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast 250
 As fury and destruction waste:

Both equally allow all crimes
 As lawful means to propagate a sect;
 For laws in war can be of no effect,
 And licence does more good in gospel-times. 255
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
 For when Religion does recede
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed. 260

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
 Those joys above, that to reward
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
 Else men would rather venture to possess
 By force, than earn their happiness;
 And only take the dev'l's advice,
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
 Tho' at th' expense of Paradise:
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base
 Mechanic handy-work, and far below
 A gen'rous spirit t' undergo;
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,

Which some, with only confidence and face,
 More easily and ably do; 15
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,
 And boldly usurp the chair,
 Than with dull industry and care 20
 Endure to study, think, and drudge,
 For that which he much sooner may advance
 With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, tho' in spight
 Of Nature and their stars, a right 25
 To censure, judge, and know,
 Tho' she can only order who
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:
 Then why should those whom she denies
 Her favour and good graces to 30
 Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
 And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
 For he that desp'rately assumes
 The censure of all wits and arts,
 Tho' without judgment, skill, and parts, 35
 Only to startle and amuse,
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
 With gaudy-colour'd plumes
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
 Can never fail to captive some 40

That will submit to his oraculous doom,
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn,
 Admire his sturdy confidence
 For solid judgment and deep sense;
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.
 Two self-admirers, that combine
 Against the world, may pass a fine
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
 And settle it as they think fit
 On one another, like the choice
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice:
 For those fine pageants which some raise,
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,
 T' enable whom they please t' appear,
 And pass for what they never were,
 In private only h'ing but nam'd,
 Their modesty must be sham'd,
 And not endure to hear,
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
 And own'd in public every where:
 So vain some authors are to boast
 Their want of ingenuity, and club
 Their affidavit wits, to dub
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post,
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,
 That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
 There is one easy artifice
 That seldom has been known to miss, 70
 To cry all mankind down, and rail;
 For he whom all men do contemn,
 May be allow'd to rail again at them,
 And in his own defence
 To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75
 And all that makes against himself condemn;
 To snarl at all things right or wrong,
 Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue;
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
 T' its first original the devil; 80
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
 Tho' to perform his task as dull,
 As if he had a toadstone in his scull,
 And could produce a greater stock 85
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
 And only with their eyes and breath
 Infect and poison men to death; 90
 But that more impotent buffoon
 That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport
 To rail at all, is but a drone

That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
 Enjoys a kind of litchery in spight, 95
 Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take delight;
 Invades the reputation of all those
 That have, or have it not to lose;
 And if he chance to make a difference,
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense: 100
 As rooking gamesters never lay
 Upon those hands that use fair play,
 But venture all their bets
 Upon the flurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less 105
 Than all the world beside,
 Falls sick of other men's excess,
 Is humbled only at their pride,
 And wretched at their happiness;
 Revenges on himself the wrong 110
 Which his vain malice and loose tongue
 To those that feel it not have done,
 And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone;
 Makes idle characters and tales,
 As counterfeit, unlike, and false, 115
 As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
 To those whom they would in effigy slay.
 And as the devil that has no shape of his own,
 Affects to put the ugliest on,
 And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone, 120

So he that's worse than nothing strives t' appear
 P' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
 To fright the weak, but when men dare
 Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
 Is as impertinent and vain,
 As 'twas of old to call them back again,
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
 With settlements for after-lives:
 For all that can be done or said,
 Tho' ere so noble, great, and good,
 By them is neither heard nor understood.
 All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
 First to create, and then adore desert,
 And those romances which we frame,
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's, among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuscripts, with some little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may observe, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

In-vain are stult with ranting flatteries,
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
 For as those times the Golden Age we call,
 In which there was no gold in use at all,
 So we plant glory and renown
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
 But to worse purpose, many times,
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.
 And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
 Can never be worn out by Fame,
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
 A great example to mankind,
 That fell a public sacrifice,
 From ruin to preserve those few
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true,
 And teach the world to be more just and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
 Unmention'd in his silent chest,
 Not for his own, but public interest.
 He, like a pious man, some years before
 The arrival of his fatal hour,
 Made ev'ry day he had to live
 To his last minute a preparative;
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road
 To act in a more gentee mode;

Take prizes more obligingly than those
 Who never had been bred *filial*;
 And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
 Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
 Where garbs and mien are current goods,
 That serves the ruder northern nations
 With methods of address and trust,
 Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
 And how to drink and how to eat
 No out-of-fashion wine or meat,
 To understand cravats and plumes,
 And the most modish from the old performers;
 To know the age and pedigree
 Of points of Flanders or Venetians;
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay;
 To affect the purest negligences
 In gestures, gaits, and mien,
 And speak by *repartee* and *repas*
 Out of the most authentic of romances,
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
 What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
 He had his birth and education,
 A bluer wit taught
 To sit in a more genteel mode;

Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd;
 They understand by imitation,
 Improve untaught, before they are aware;
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence;
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues
 But with a mod'rate share of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
 In all the deep Hermetic arts;
 (For so of late the learned call
 All tricks, if strange and mysticall.)
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
 And with his magic rod could sound
 Where hidden treasure might be found;
 He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
 Whatever happen'd in his way
 As lawful west and stray,
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own;
 From these first rudiments he grew
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue;
 Declar'd all caravans that go
 Upon the king's highway the foe;
 O ij

Made many desperate attacks
 Upon itinerant brigades
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;
 Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield, 95
 And, to the smallest piece, restore
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
 In every bold affair of war
 He had the chief command, and led them on; 100
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
 Of others' lives, until he 'as made it known
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Have by his conqu'ring sword been won; 105
 And mighty sums of money laid,
 For ransom, upon every man,
 And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,
 The Jew-forestaller and enhancer, 110
 To him for all their crimes did answer.
 He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell,
 Of all his foes, the Constable;
 And oft had beat his quarters up,
 And routed him and all his troop. 115
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
 That in his own allow'd highway

Does feats of arms as great as his,
 And when they' encounter in it wins the day;
 Safe in his garrison, the Court,
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,
 To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
 But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,
 That he, in time to come,
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom. 125

VII.

He would have flar'd this mighty Town,
 And brought its haughty spirit down,
 Have cut it off from all relief;
 And, like a wise and valiant chief,
 Made many a fierce assault
 Upon all ammunition carts,
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
 Or bacon, from remoter parts;
 No convoy e'er so strong with food
 Durst venture on the desp'rate road: 135
 He made th' undaunted wagonner obey,
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
 The savage butcher and stout drover
 Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
 And if he had but kept the field,
 In time had made the City yield;
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound. 140

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VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
 In which his stars began to frown,
 And had in close cabals contriv'd
 To pull him from his height of glory down,
 And he, by num'rous foes oppress'd,
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
 Secur'd with mighty guards,
 Left he by force or stratagem
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
 And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
 Had both his legs by charms committed
 To one another's charge,
 That neither might be set at large,
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
 As jewels of high value are
 Kept under locks with greater care
 Than those of meaner rates,
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
 And made them yield up love and honour too,
 But in more brave heroic ways
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
 But full of hot contests and picques

About punctilios and mere tricks,
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
 And, far more generous and free,
 In contemplation only of him did agree,
 Both fully satisfy'd; the one
 With those fresh laurels he had won,
 And all the brave renowned feats
 He had perform'd in arms;
 The other with his person and his charms:
 For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
 By gazing on a piece of glass,
 So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
 And smoother polish'd face,
 Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprize.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats atchieve
 As feeble damfels, for his sake,
 Wou'd have been proud to undertake;
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem
 The world's loss and their own,
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down
 And change a life with him;
 But finding all their hopes in vain
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,
 Their life itself began to hate,
 As if it were an infamy
 To live when he was doom'd to die;

Made loud appeals and moans,
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING*.

As close as a goose
 Sat the Parliament-house
 To hatch the royal gull;
 After much fiddle-faddle,
 The egg prov'd addle,
 And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
 Tho' things do not fadge,
 Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of Protector.

Two princes of Wales, 10
 For Whitfun-ales,
 And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole,

In a robe of cow-hide
 Sat yesty Pride,

With his dagger and his sling; 15
 He was the pertinent'st peer
 Of all that were there,
 T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher
 Had a goose for his lover, 20

That follow'd him day and night:
 If it be a true story,
 Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son, 25
 Both cast into one,

Were meant for a single baron;
 But when they came to sit,
 There was not wit

Enough in them both to serve for one. 30

Wherefore 'twas thought good

To add Honeywood;

But when they came to trial,

Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You wou'd not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title — *The Privileges of Pimping* — but afterwards crossed it out, for which reason I have not inserted it; and only mention it as a circumstance which may amuse such as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this sort. It does not appear to bear any sense consistent with the subject; but some other critic may perhaps find one, or at least please himself with thinking so.

You wou'd defy the pageants
 Are borne before the mayar;
 The strangest shape
 You e'er did gape
 Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

His face is round and decent;
 As is your dish or platter,
 On which there grows
 A thing like a nose,
 But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of th' afore said
 Are eyes, but they're not matches,
 On which there are
 To be seen two fair
 And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
 Does all beholders strike,
 That a beard thou'd grow
 Upon a thing's brow,
 Did ye ever see the like?

Y. 16. J From the medals, and original portraits, which
 are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture,
 if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed
 for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose,
 and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particu-
 lars which correspond exactly with them.

That you wou'd be a pudding.

He has no scull, 'tis well known
 To thousands of beholders;
 Nothing but a skin
 Does keep his brains in
 From running about his shoulders. 35

On both sides of his noddle
 Are straps o' th' very same leather;
 Ears are imply'd,
 But they 're mere hide,
 Or morsels of tripe, chuse ye whether. 40

Between these two extendeth
 A slit from ear to ear,
 That every hour
 Gapes to devour
 The sowce that grows so near. 45

Beneath a tuft of bristles,
 As rough as a frize-jerkin;
 If it had been a beard,
 'T wou'd have serv'd a herd
 Of goats, that are of his near kin. 50

Within a set of grinders
 Most sharp and keen, corroding
 Your iron and brass
 As easy as
 That you wou'd do a pudding. 55

But the strangest thing of all is,

Upon his rump there groweth

A great long tail,

That useth to trail

Upon the ground as he goeth. 69

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten

Upon one of the witches,

B' an imp that came to her,

Like a man, to wooe her,

With black doublet and britches. 5

When he was whelp'd, for certain,

In divers several countries

The hogs and swine

Did grunt and whine,

And the ravens croak'd upon trees. 10

The winds did blow, the thunder

And lightning loud did rumble;

Volume III.

P

The dogs did howl,

The hollow tree in th' owl—

'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd. 15

As soon as he was brought forth,

At the midwife's throat he flew,

And threw the pap

Down in her lap;

They say 'tis very true. 20

And up the walls he clamber'd,

With nails most sharp and keen,

The prints whereof,

I th' boards and roof,

Are yet for to be seen. 25

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney

He vanish'd, seen of none;

For they did wink,

Yet by the flink

Knew which way he was gone. 30

ψ. 13. 14.] This whimsical liberty our Author takes, of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place:

But those that write in rhyme still make

The one verse for the other's sake;

For one for sense, and one for rhyme,

I think's sufficient at one time.

End. p. 2. c. 1. v. 29.

The country round about there
 Became like to a wildern-
 -ness; for the sight
 Of him did fright
 Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
 And all those parts much harmed,
 'Till a wise-woman, which
 Some call a white witch,
 Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
 With brimstone and with nitre
 She sing'd the claws
 Of his left paws,
 With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
 She made him tame as a spaniel;
 For she us'd to ride
 On his back astride,
 Nor did he do her any ill.

But to the admiration
 Of all both far and near,
 He hath been shown
 In every town,
 And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
 Unto fair London city,
 Where in Fleet-street
 All those may see't
 That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament,
 And eke the Prince's highness,
 And quickly send
 The wars an end,
 As here my song has—

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS*.

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
 By sev'ral courses, to one end;
 To compass, by the prop'iest shows,
 Whatever their designs propose;
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext
 Is often found the indirect'st.
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
 Much fairer than the real saint.

[y. 61.] From this circumstance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no discredit to his younger years.

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly wrote out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate

And knaves appear more just and true
 Than honest men, that make less show:
 The dullest idiots in disguise
 Appear more knowing than the wise;
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
 And cowards, that can damn and rant,
 Pass muster for the valiant:
 For he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a just pretence,
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim.

distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand

To plant a church in barren land,

Nor ever thought it worth the while

A Swede or Rust to reconcile, &c.

The publishing of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, or, what passes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world; and these sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown, or a royal robe. One may venture to add, that these of our Author must have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable singularity of their being in verse.

How various and innumerable
 Are those who live upon the rabble;
 'Tis they maintain the church and state;
 Employ the priest and magistrate;
 Bear all the charge of government,
 And pay the public fines and rent;
 Defray all taxes and excises,
 And impositions of all prices;
 Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
 And pay the pulpit and the bar;
 Maintain all churches and religions,
 And give their pastors exhibitions;
 And those who have the greatest flocks
 Are primitive and orthodox;
 Support all schismatics and sects,
 And pay 'em for tormenting texts;
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,
 And pay 'em in good rents and lands;
 Discharge all costly offices,
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
 The hangman's wages, and the scores
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
 Discharge all damages and costs
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
 All statesmen, cutpurfes, and padders,
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders;

All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

Should once the world resolve to abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It wou'd have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debar'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And when there are two scholars that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he wou'd have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light;
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided, as a wound
Is said to be the harder cut'd that's round;
For error and mistake the less they appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no man minds those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

THE metaphyſic's but a puppet motion
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;

The copy of a copy, and lame draught
 Unnaturally taken from a thought;
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
 That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
 B' another name, and makes it true or false;
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
 But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd;
 And therefore those are commonly the learn'dest
 That only study between jest and earnest:
 For when the end of learning's to pursue
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
 They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
 But only listen to the noise and cry,
 And are so much delighted with the chase,
 They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE proselytes and converts use I' accrue
 To false persuasions than the right and true;
 For error and mistake are infinite,
 But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
 As numbers may I' infinity be grown,
 But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
 The more exact and curious 'tis ground,

Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an Infidel,
That will not pass for twopence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up hill use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,

Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes,
That runs behind hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,

Who was the first bold undertaker
 Of bearing arms against his Maker,
 And tho' miscarrying in th' event,
 Was never yet known to repent,
 Tho' tumbled from the top of bliss
 Down to the bottomless abyss;
 A property which, from their prince,
 The family owns ever since,
 And therefore ne'er repent the evil
 They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE worst of rebels never are
 To do their king or country harm,
 But draw their swords to do them good,
 As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO scared conscience is so fell
 As that which has been burnt with zeal;
 For Christian charity's as well
 A great impediment to zeal,
 As zeal a pestilential disease
 To Christian charity and peace.

AS thistles wear the softest down,
 To hide their prickles till they're grown,
 And then declare themselves, and tear
 Whatever ventures to come near.

So a smooth knave does greater feats
 Than one that jolly rails and threats,
 And all the mischief that he meant
 Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master
 Of his own ruin and disaster;
 Controls his fate, but nothing less
 In ordering his own happiness;
 For all his care and providence
 Is too, too feeble a defence
 To render it secure and certain
 Against the injuries of Fortune;
 And oft, in spite of all his wit,
 Is lost with one unlucky hit,
 And ruin'd with a circumstance,
 And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
 Takes charge of them without their care,
 Does all their drudgery and work,
 Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
 Conducts them blindfold, and advances
 The naturals by blinder chances;
 While others by desert or wit,
 Cou'd never make the matter hit,
 But still the better they deserve,
 Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
 In princes' trains to be interr'd,
 And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
 Among their followers not the last;
 But while they liv'd were far enough
 From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that 's proof against th' assay,
 Upon the touchstone wears away,
 And having stood the greater test,
 Is overmaster'd by the least;
 So some men, having stood the hate
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
 Transported with a false career
 Of unacquainted happiness,
 Lost to humanity and sense,
 Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
 For nothing else but patience;
 'T will not bear out the blows of Fate,
 Nor fence against the tricks of state;
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws
 Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
 Nor keep unspotted a good name
 Against the obloquies of Fame;

Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone:
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion, o'er the rest.
And as one shield that fell from heav'n
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are num'rous, and the true;
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unlight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;

Qii

And no beasts have so little in 'em
 As that inhuman brute, **Opinion**;
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,
 The tokens upon wit and sense,
 That with a venomous contagion
 Invades the sick imagination;
 And when it seizes any part,
 It strikes the poison to the heart.
 This men of one another catch
 By contact, as the humours match;
 And nothing's so perverse in nature
 As a profound opinistor.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
 And makes mere fots of magistrates;
 The fumes of it invade the brain,
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain;
 By this the fool commands the wise,
 The noble with the base complies,
 The sot assumes the rule of wit,
 And cowards make the base submit.

A **GODLY** man, that has serv'd out his time
 In holiness, may set up any crime;
 As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
 May set up any faculty they please.

Why shou'd not piety be made,
 As well as equity, a trade,

And men get money by devotion,
 As well as making of a motion?
 B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
 As well as suitors in petitions?
 And in a congregation pray,
 No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER'S doctrine, and his proof,
 Is all his province, and enough;
 But is no more concern'd in use,
 Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE sob'rest saints are more stiff-necked
 Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
 To propagate a church as zeal;
 As persecution and promotion
 Do equally advance devotion:
 So round white stones will serve, they say,
 As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
 Of proselytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
 Are free to take what course they please;

Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
 At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
 And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
 To vouch and witness what they do;
 And when they prove averse and loath,
 Yet for convenience take an oath;
 Not only can dispense, but make it
 A greater sin to keep than take it;
 Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
 And only keeps the keys within;
 Has no superior to control,
 But what itself sets o'er the soul;
 And when it is enjoin'd to obey,
 Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
 Can walk invisible, and where,
 And when, and how, it will appear;
 Can turn itself into disguises
 Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
 Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
 Make woods, and teneaments, and lands,
 Obey and follow its commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy-hill remov'd of old;
 Make mountains move with greater force
 Than faith, to new proprietors;
 And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
 Of public charges and employments:

For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, tho' they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For cou'd it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It wou'd become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,

Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

ALL wild but gen'rous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:

The lion's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, tho' but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 'ave none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 'ave but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And tho' their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more;
To th' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has sov'reign pow'r of life and death,

And, as its little int'rests move,
 Can turn 'em all to hate or love;
 For nothing, in a moment, turn
 To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
 And make that love degenerate
 T' as great extremity of hate;
 And hate agai'n and scorn, and piques,
 To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of vot'ries, that profess
 To bind themselves apprentices
 To Heav'n, abjure, with solemn vows,
 Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse;
 As th' worst of all impediments
 To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
 The same thing the same way renounce;
 Before they 'ave wit to understand
 The bold attempt they take in hand;
 Or having staid and lost their tides,
 Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
 Has been so loosely husbanded,
 Men only deal for ready money,
 And women sep'rate alimony;

And ladies-errant, for debauching;
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And for their journeywork and pains,
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of his wits.

ALL writers, tho' of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their suff'rings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;

Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what shou'd be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
Of difficult wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
To hinder making war without their choice.

Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
 On even terms, of all the gods;
 Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
 And was address'd to, by a crow,
 As pertinently long ago;
 And with more heroes' names is styl'd;
 Than saints' are clubb'd t' an Austrian child;
 And as wit goes by colleges,
 As well as standing and degrees,
 He still writes better than the rest,
 That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
 And other ammunitions of despair
 Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

THERE'S nothing our felicities endears
 Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
 And in the miserablest of distress
 Improves attempts, at desp'rate with success;
 Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
 And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
 Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
 Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice
 To hinder making war without their choice,

As kings of making laws in parliament;
No money is as good as No assent.

When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suite,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls
By th' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.

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No court allows those partial interlopers
 Of law and equity, two single paupers,
 T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
 Each other gratis in a suit at once;
 For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
 Enough to play the knave and fool with justice;
 And when the one side bringeth custom in,
 And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
 The devil himself will rather chuse to play
 At paltry small game than sit out, they say;
 But when at all there's nothing to be got,
 The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
 Little considers right or wrong;
 But, like authority', is soon satisfy'd
 When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court,
 Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't.

WHO can deserve for breaking of the laws
 A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
 Are punishment and court of justice proof,
 And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
 In all the idle bugbears of the law,
 But confidently rob the gallows too,
 As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
 To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
 And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
 To turn and wind them any way they please:
 The statute law's their Scripture, and reports
 The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
 Records their general councils, and decisions
 Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
 For which, like Catholics, they 'ave greater awe,
 As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
 And strive perpetually to make the standard
 Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
 And when two cases at a trial meet,
 That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
 And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
 The Court directs the obstinat' dispute;
 There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
 Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit

For drudgery is more unfit,
 Compar'd to these of duller parts,
 Than running-nags to draw in carts.
 Too much or too little wit
 Do only render th' owners fit
 For nothing, but to be undone
 Much easier than if they had none.

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,
But never lets a true one stir
Without some *king's ring* trick or snare;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the *lure*,
T' endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
But tales of subjects' *king's* rebellions;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treach'ry, that undoes of custom
Their own selves first, next those who trust them.

BECAUSE a feeble limb's carest;
 And more indulg'd than all the rest;
 So frail and tender consciences
 Are humour'd to do what they please;
 When that which goes for weak and feeble
 Is found the most incorrigible,
 To outdo all the fiends in hell
 With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter all
 The leaves of great trees use to fall,
 And leave them naked to engage
 With storms and tempests when they rage,
 While humbler plants are found to wear
 Their fresh green liv'ries all the year;
 So when the glorious season's gone
 With great men, and hard times come on,
 The great'st calamities oppress
 The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,
 With hasty cruelty he flies
 To attack him, and pick out his eyes;
 So do those vultures use, that keep
 Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,
 As greedily to prey on all
 That in their ravenous clutches fall:

For thorns and brambles, that came in
 To wait upon the curse for sin;
 And were no part o' th' first creation;
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,
 Are yet the fittest materials
 T' enclose the earth with living walls.
 So jailors, that are most accursed
 Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjuration,
 To raise infernal spirits up but fear,
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail;
 That 's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
 Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
 Of knotted wood in some men's crazy brains;
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bells,
 Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Musti, with his triple crown,
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,
 Beside th' imaginary territory;
 He lays a title to in Purgatory;
 Declares himself an absolute free prince
 In his dominions, only over sin;
 But as for heaven, since it lies so far
 Above him, is but only titular;
 As, like his Cross-keys hadge upon a tatter'd
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern.

Yet when he comes to take account, and share, A
The profit of his prostituted wage, against which bid
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women, and
Above his richest titular dominion, he finds that he has sold A

A JUBILEE is but a sp'ritual fair, In little trades men
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware, and as we bid
In which his Holiness buys nothing in the great
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin, and as we bid
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not venial in other times; and as we bid
For dealing both for Judas and the high-priest, and
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ. As little the

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark, Then glowing coals, that give them light
In which the ancient world did once embark, and
Had ne'er a helm in't to direct its way, and
Altho' bound thro' an universal sea; and as it goes,
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern. For whoso
By steering of our liberty.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift, The world
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift. and
Those things to practice that are of no use.

AN ass, will with his long ears fray, and as he drives to
The flies, that tickle him away, and as he drives to
But man delights to have his ears, and as he drives to
Blown maggots in by flatterers: and as he drives to

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great unjust dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatt'ers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom; but maintain't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practise that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice
 Less prone to excess than avarice;
 It neither cares for food nor clothing;
 Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low
 As that of Honour, built to show
 How humble honour ought to be;
 Tho' there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
 Their own parts at an equal estimate,
 Than cast up fractions, in the account of heav'n,
 Of time and motion, and adjust them
 For modest persons; never had a true
 Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a vest or dress,
 Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
 To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
 So he that cannot write one word of sense,
 Believes he has as legal a pretence
 To scribble what he does not understand,
 As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
 In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;

Would never understand one word of sense
 The most irrefragable schoolman means:
 As if the schools design'd their terms of art
 Not to advance a science, but divert;
 As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuse
 The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
 Of painting to foreshorten any part
 Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
 Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit 's bought to obey,
 Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
 And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
 Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINATORS naturally differ
 From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
 Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
 Which way so'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood
 The mortal fury of the Flood,
 And prov'd the only means to save
 All earthly creatures from the wave,
 Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
 To lay a tribute on mankind,

That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects never were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no commands so imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;

And therefore that French quack that set up physick,
 Call'd his receipt a General Specific;
 For tho' in mortal poisons every one
 Is mortal universally alone;
 Yet Nature never made an antidote
 To cure 'em all as easy as they're got;
 Much less, among so many variations
 Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
 Make all the contrarieties in Nature
 Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert 's but a fly, that turns about
 After his head 's pull'd off to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble
 As silly and unreasonable
 As those that, crowding in the street,
 To see a show or monster meet,
 Of whom no one is in the right,
 Yet all fall out about the fight,
 And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
 Still in the most and worst of vices;
 And all the reasons that prevail
 Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
 Monsters and puppet-plays are wares

Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wisely 'st pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains,
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

Volume III.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE,

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the ring,
For fear they shou'd the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debar'd.

And tho' he can produce more spunkers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he bankers;

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION

OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a lake;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink;

That live as if they had been run aground,
 And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
 Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
 And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
 Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
 That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their counin-germans up in dishes:
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
 In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
 My guiltless breast,
 For vent'ring to disclose a flame
 It had so long suppress'd.

In its own ashes it design'd
 For ever to have lain;
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,

Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
 Cause my locks with age are white
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY*.

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summon'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave 'em,
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em:
And sure our Knight, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,

* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq; they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being spurious; but as both have constantly made a part of the Collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of *The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*, and as they, besides, relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeased to find them subjoined to these *Genuine Remains* of the celebrated Author of *Hudibras*. M.

Wou'd have just reason to complain,
 If he shou'd chance to rise again;
 And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
 In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.
 Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
 How this renowned champion fell?
 But must reflect, alas! alas!
 All human glory fades like grass,
 And that the strongest martial feats
 Of errant knights are all but cheats:
 Witness our Knight, who sure has done
 More valiant actions, ten to one,
 Than of More-Hall, the mighty More,
 Or him that made the Dragon roar;
 Has knock'd more men and women down
 Than Bevis of Southampton town,
 Or than our modern heroes can,
 To take them singly man by man.
 No, sure, the grisly King of terror
 Has been to blame, and in an error,
 To issue his dead-warrant forth
 To seize a knight of so much worth,
 Just in the nick of all his glory;
 I tremble when I tell the story:
 Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
 This surly tyrant to abuse,
 Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
 To rob the world of such a jewel

A knight more learned, stout, and goodly than
 Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood: 't'was he
 All his perfections were so rare,
 The wit of man could not declare
 Which single virtue, on which grace, saw him
 Above the rest had any place,
 Or which he was most famous for,
 The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
 Of each he had an equal spirit,
 And was in all for every merit,
 That, to speak truth, th' account is lost,
 In which he did excel the most,
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
 And out he went a colonelling,
 Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,
 How he cou'd manage that vocation,
 Until he shew'd it was a wonder,
 How nobly he could fight and plunder,
 At preaching, too, he was a dub,
 More exquisite by far than Squab;
 He cou'd fetch uses, and infer,
 Without the help of metaphor,
 From any Scripture text, how'er
 Remote it from the purpose were;
 And with his fist, instead of a stick,
 Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
 Till he made all the audience weep,
 Excepting those that fall asleep

Then at the bar he was right able,
 And cou'd bind o'er as well as swaddle;
 And famous, too, at petty sessions,
 'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.
 He cou'd most learnedly determine
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin
 For his address and way of living;
 All his behaviour was so moving,
 That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
 As people say, below the waste,
 Sir Hudibras but once come at her,
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water;
 Then for his equipage and shape,
 On vestals they'd commit a rape;
 Which often, as the story says,
 Have made the ladies weep both ways.
 Ill has he read that never heard,
 How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
 And what hard conflict was between
 Our Knight and that insulting queen.
 Safe captive knight ne'er took more pains,
 For rhymes for his melodious strains,
 Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
 To get into a jilt's good graces,
 Than did Sir Hudibras to get
 Into this subtle gypsy's net,
 Who, after all her high pretence,
 To modesty and innocence,

Was thought by most to be a woman, 95
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the trapes attorney

Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,

Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.

Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:

Vile harlot, to destroy a knight
That cou'd both plead, and pray, and fight.

Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,

That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that he had been no soldier:

Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell,

But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
So oft against the Cavaliers,

And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowders prisoner;

And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?

If he had been in battle slain,
We had had less reason to complain;

But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?

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But since he's gone, all we can say,
 He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way;
 If he had liv'd a longer date, 125
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate
 More violent, and sitting for
 A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
 To sum up all, from love and danger
 He's now (O! happy Knight) a stranger; 130
 And if a Muse can ought foretell,
 His fame shall fill a chronicle,
 And he in after-ages be,
 Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras
 A Knight as errant as e'er was;
 The controversy only lies,
 Whether he was more stout than wise;
 Nor can we here pretend to say, 5
 Whether he best cou'd fight or pray;
 So till those questions are decided,
 His virtues must rest undivided.
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
 And full as oft took pains in tubs; 10
 Of which the most that can be said,
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.

As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we'll let them scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff;
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look,
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

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HUDIBRAS'S EPIGRAMS

Under this stone rests Hudibras
A Knight as strange as ever was;
His controversy only lies
Whether he was more than nine wives;
Not can we here pretend to say
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So till those questions are decided
His virtues must rest undivided;
Till oft he suffer'd paine and stripes;
And till as oft took paine in traps;
Of which the most that can be said
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.

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Volume III

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